Watson's Magazine

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Vol. XXIV. *FEBRUARY 1917* *No. 4*

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VETO OF BARRETT BILL RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION

Tumulty looking on as Wilson obeys Rome's orders

This picture was used as a campaign document in Catholic States like New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and California

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXIV FEBRUARY, 1917 No. 4

King Henry VIII., His Wives, and His Children.

Sketches of Contemporaneous Kings, Queens, and Popes.

AFTER the King had abruptly, and without a word of Good-bye, left his wife's side at the tournament; after he had in his heart condemned her, unheard; after he had personally selected her implacable enemies to try her, and had made doubly sure of the verdict by placing his brother-in-law, and his son, on the panel of peers; after these judicial murderers had done what they knew they were expected to do, and had not allowed the Queen of England to confront a witness, or to call one—after all this ghastly deliberation in crime, did the King really wait in the forest, with a gay hunting-party surrounding him, until to his impatient ears came the boom of the Tower gun, announcing that his wife's head had fallen?

Did he, at the sound of the death-knell, utter an exclamation of relief and joy, and then hastily mount, to gallop away to the demure, expectant, and fully prepared, Jane Seymour?

So runs the older story, preserved in biographies and traditions; and, for generations, the very oak under whose spreading foilage Henry stood, with huntsmen and hounds around him, was pointed out. According to this version, the King rode to Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, that evening, and was married the next morning. The kitchen wherein the bridal feast had been made ready, the hall in which it was spread, and the chamber occupied thereafter by the newly wedded couple, were well known to tradition, and, so late as 1847, the ruins still bore names commemorating the events. (Strickland's "Lives:" Jane Seymour: Lord Herbert's Memoirs of Henry VIII., etc.)

But Martin Hume discards these stories, and follows the reports made to the Emperor Charles V. by his Ambassador, Chapuys, who says, that on the day preceding Anne's trial, Jane "was brought from Sir Nicholas Carew's house to another residence on the river bank, only a mile from Whitehall stairs, to be ready for her intended elevation, as soon as the Queen was disposed of."

Both accounts therefore agree as to the terrible fact, that *parallel preparations went forward together;* one, *to kill a Queen*, and the other, *to crown her successor.*

I doubt if the annals of the human race present a more repulsive picture. Constantine murdering his wife; Philip

II., his son; Cæsar Borgia, his brother; Marie de Medicis conniving at the assassination of her husband; Pope Alexander VI. ordering the death of Savonarola—all these are horrible to contemplate, but their atrocities fade before the lurid diabolism which accompanied the murder-bethrothal of Jane Seymour and Henry Tudor.

On the part of the King, it was a climax of brutal lust and self-will: on the part of the woman, it was a placid compliance with Roman Catholic intrigue. There is no evidence that Jane Seymour was anything worse than the unmoral and characterless tool of agencies much too powerful for her to withstand, had she even been inclined to rebuff the imperious suitor who tempted her with a crown.

At about noon, (May 19, 1536,) Anne Boleyn satiated Catholic vengeance: that evening, the widower Henry visited his demure Jane Seymour; and the next morning, at six o'clock, the lady was carried to the royal palace, where she was married to the King before nine o'clock, while the scarcely-cold and headless body of the late Queen was lying "huddled in an old arrow-box in the Tower." (Hume: p. 291.)

A hideous detail which fastens itself to one's memory is, that two of Anne Boleyn's lordly judges attended her execution, standing on, or immediately near, the scaffold when her slender neck was severed by the headsman's sword: those two judges were Charles Brandon, *Henry's brother-in-law*, and Henry Fitzroy, *Henry's bastard son!*

No doubt, they also attended the royal nuptials at the palace, early the next morning, and drank merrily to the health and long life of the bride.

Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, a dashing, brilliant, heartless rascal, was not to live long: Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, the handsome, stalwart, unfeeling son of a doting father, was not to live long: Jane Seymour, stepping to a throne across the bleeding body of Anne Boleyn, was not to live long: Henry VIII., so desperately intent upon having a legitimate male heir, and so despotically criminal in pursuing his intent, was not to live long; and, after all, the glory of his House, and the permanence of his Reformation *were to depend upon Anne Boleyn's neglected little girl, the Princess Elizabeth!*

"What fools these mortals be!"

Let the busy servitors hasten through the royal houses, changing the A's into J's, against the return of Queen Jane from a wedding journey to take up her residence in the rooms of the late Queen Anne: let Parliament disinherit the Princess Elizabeth, only child of "the Protestant concubine:" let the Princess Mary pluck up her spirits as she listens to the hopeful flatteries of the imperial ambassador, and is assured by the papal agents that the wax tapers on her mother Catherine's shrine have miraculously gone to burning, to testify the joy of Heaven at the beheading of Anne Boleyn! (Authorities cited by Hume, note to p. 292.)

Let plot and counter-plot do battle in court and camp, in Parliament and Royal Council and Rome's Vatican: let the Pilgrimage of Grace get under way and mask experimental insurrection under pious words and symbols: let the obstinate and deceitful and unpitying Princess Mary seek to come nearer the throne, by signing a shameful acknowledgement that her mother was no lawful wife, and herself an illegitimate.

In vain, these dark intrigues, these perfidious duplicities, these crafty maneuvres around the rapidly aging King: the ball of the Reformation continues to roll, and grows ever larger and larger.

The Parliament of 1536 reduces to waste paper all papal decrees whatsoever: no law shall run in England save English law. Those who attempt to introduce Rome's briefs, bulls, dispensations, and similar ecclesiastical usurpatory and mercenary gibberish, shall suffer as *traitors.*

Every officer of the State, lay or clerical, shall take an oath renouncing papal authority, *and promising to resist it.* Furthermore, a new church-law provides that *the Bible*, not the pope, shall be the foundation of religious faith, as interpreted by the first four

Councils of the Christian Church. Only three Sacraments should be recognized, Baptism, Repentance, and Communion. The use of images is restricted, and the attempt made to extirpate popish idolatry.

Here was, indeed, a mighty revolution within the church; and it is not surprising to learn that at last the papal plotters, at the Vatican and in England, gave up hope of reconciliation with Henry VIII.

The pope hurled his bomb of excommunication, interdict, damnation, and all the rest of it, but it hurt no one, save a few misguided wretches in England, and the pope's own prestige.

Queen Jane had tried to be useful to the Catholic conspirators, and had flung herself at Henry's feet, praying for the restoration of the confiscated loot of the priests; but the King had sternly bidden her to rise and mind her own business. According to the Spanish Calendar, Henry hinted to Jane that she had better not forget what had happened to Anne. One can imagine that when Jane got safely back to her own apartment and shut the door, she felt of her neck.

The unhasting, unresting, unfeeling Clock strikes, and the royal youth, Henry Fitzroy sickens and dies; strikes again, and Queen Jane herself dies, leaving the King happy, however, in the realization of his long-deferred hope of a male heir, legitimate and apparently strong.

It is said that when Queen Jane was in the pangs of child-birth, her life was despaired of, and the King was asked the dreadful question, *Which?* If one must be sacrificed, shall it be the child, or the mother?

The story goes that Henry brutally answered, "Save the child. Other wives are easy to get."

The anecdote would at once be classed as apocryphal, if the facts were not so hideously clear, as to the heartless speed with which he murdered Anne Boleyn and married Jane, the next morning.

Can the story of a historic epoch make pictures in your mind, and lasting impressions upon your memory, if some of the social and economic conditions of the common people are not described? The life in the palace is but one phase: in a sense, it is the beacon-light, because seen farthest away; but life in the home of the lowly is, after all, the state of the nation. How the average man earns his livelihood; how he regards himself, with reference to the ruling powers; what he knows, and where he learned it; what he believes, and what he aims at; what are his discontents, and what his ideals of a better condition of things—*these are the controlling factors.* The monarch of the hour may seem to be carrying a supreme head and a despotic hand, but against the real tendency of the age—if there *is* one—he is a mere arrogant bubble on the stream.

We look into the world of his most dread majesty, Henry VIII., and we see three animals on their way to be sold in the same market: one is a four-footed beast, say, an ox; the other two, are a man and a woman; the man being driven to auction, *by his owner;* and the woman, led by a rope around her neck, *by her husband.*

There are all three exposed to view in the market-place, "cried at auction," and knocked down to the highest bidder.

Slavery began with the taking of prisoners in war, and the persistence of the principle is seen in the enslaving of Belgians by Germans in the European But in addition to the prisoner-slaves, there were the children whose parents sold them; convicts, doomed to servitude, because unable to pay their fines; and grown people who voluntarily went into bondage to escape starvation.

Upon the traffic in human chattels in Roman Catholic Europe, one merciful restriction was placed: the Catholic owner was obliged to sell to another Catholic!

(See "Bygone England," William Andrews, F. R. H. S. London, 1892: p. 71.)

We find Henry VIII. granting freedom to a couple of the royal serfs, in the year 1514. and using words which sound like our Declaration of Independence:

"Whereas, originally, **God created all men free**; but afterward the laws and customs of nations subjected some under the yoke of servitude, we think it pious and meritorious with God, **to make certain persons absolutely free from servitude who are at present under villenage to us**; wherefore we do now accordingly manumit and free from yoke of servitude Henry Knight, a tailor, and John Erle, a husbandman, **our slaves**, as being born in our manor of Stoke Clymmy Slande, in our county of Cornwall, together with all their issue born or hereafter to be born, so as the said two persons, with their issue, shall henceforth be deemed by us and our heirs, **free** and of free condition."—**Foedera**, V., xiii., p. 470.

Soon after King Henry died, his son and successor approved a law which condemned to slavery "a runaway, *or any one who lived idly for three days.*"

The three-day vagrant became the property of the Strongfellow who caught him, held him, and hauled him into the awful presence of the Law. For purposes of identification, and by way of concise and visible Bill-of-sale, the luckless vagabond was branded with a red-hot iron before the Justices of the Peace, thus supplying legal and Christian precedent for the branding of quadrupeds in our own merry times. The owner of the branded slave met all the requirements of the statute, when he had given his human chattel a diet of bread and water and "refuse meat;" and if the serf failed to devote himself diligently to the service of his master, it was lawful to bring said slave to reason "by beating, chaining, *or otherwise.*" The probabilities are that, like the "general welfare" clause of our U. S. Constitution, these words, "or otherwise," were given a much more liberal construction than was wholesome for the helpless victim.

But Queen Elizabeth, *and her Protestant advisers*, swept away the shameful hoary system of Roman Catholic slavery, in 1574—a few years after Christopher Columbus and his Romanist accomplices had transplanted the horrible traffic into the New World, *and swept the whole West Indian native tribes off the face of the earth!*

As to the marketing of wives, there is no sort of doubt that Catholic Europe tolerated the practice for years. Under the teachings of the Roman church, a woman was lost in her husband. To use the words "merged in the husband" would be incorrect, for *then* she would have had some rights, as a part of the merger. It was also misleading to say that she became "one with her husband," for in that event her rights would have been one with his—identical with his, inseparable from his, *equal to his.* But it was not so: the wife was *lost* in the husband.

She lost her property to him: her right to sue for debts due her, or for wrongs inflicted upon her, went to him: her labor was his, her body was his, her child was his: he might beat her with a stick not larger than his thumb, might deprive her of personal liberty, might use any brutality toward her, and outrage her every sense and feeling of womanly self-respect; finally, he could rope her, like a heifer, and drag her off to the town, and sell her at public outcry to whoever chose to offer more for her than any other human brute felt like offering.

Such was Woman, *in England*, when the Roman Catholic church held omnipotent sway, and drew fabulous sums of money from its dupes by working "miracles" at the shrines of "Saints."

But, if no voice of authority in the Roman church was heard to denounce the inhuman traffic in lawful wives, and to demand that the woman—*who could not get a divorce*—should not be sold into bestial slavery, the utmost vigilance and savagery were exercised to maintain the sanctity of Roman Catholic imposture.

The ever infamous Bishop Edmund Bonner burnt an English lad, Richard Mekin, *fifteen years old*, because the boy had said he did not believe that a priest could create Christ out of bread and wine. In like manner, Anne Askew was driven out of her Catholic husband's house, because she remained firm in the Protestant faith; and after having been twice ferociously *tortured*, was condemned to die by fire; and the highest lay and clerical lords assembled at Smithfield, to gloat over the

spectacle as the poor woman was reduced to ashes at the stake.

The dissolution of the monasteries worked an industrial revolution, immensely increasing the number of landowners, and consequently of the rural middle-class. The feudal system divided the soil between the king, the nobles, and the church; and the landmonopoly was oppressive to the common people. The civil wars had cut off many of the nobility, and under King Edward IV. the richer merchants of the towns began to buy up country estates. When Henry VIII. confiscated the enormous domains belonging to the Roman church, the soil passed into the ownership of smaller proprietors. Every merchant, grazier, artisan, or farmer who had saved money, put it in land. The nobles who had been given vast grants by the King, quickly let out the ground to copyholders, thus claiming for cultivation the wastes, the marshes, the naked moors and heaths.

The immediate effects of the dissolution of the monasteries were hard on the dispossed monks and nuns, and also upon the gangs of dependents who had worked for the abbeys; but these temporary drawbacks are not to be compared to the immense and permanent benefit to the country in the creation of an independent yeomanry.

In Sanderson's noble work, "The History of England and the British Empire," the learned author says:

"So entire a revolution in the distribution of property never before occurred in England, and has never occurred since, as that caused under Henry VII. and Henry VIII., through economical changes, and by the dissolution of the monasteries. The benefit was to come thereafter."

These monastic corporations had been extremely rich, had enjoyed prodigious revenues, had been wise in their generation, and had been secure from inspection of their inward rottenness, until arrogant Italian popes began to ruffle the temper of robust English Kings.

The men of the abbey were all things to all men. To the poor, they went on bare feet, wearing a hairshirt; and, among princes, they walked proudly, clothed in purple: and, at every gathering of the poor, a priest appeared, in order that the church might commingle; and, at every assembly of the great, the priests were present, in order that they might mix—*and lobby.*

Into every possible pie, Rome thrust her finger; and Rome's finger *always* itched. Rome never had enough. Rome eternally wanted more. Legacy-hunters could never compete with Rome, for none but she toted "The Keys."

On every conceivable occasion, Rome reminded wickedly parsimonious and incredulous men of her "Rock," her "Keys," her purgatory, her indulgences, her irresistible Saints, her persevering relics—her everlastingly insatiable need of more land, more money, more mental prostration and abasement.

Had the monasteries been allowed to continue their course of imposition, accumulation, pious fraud, and robberies under the flimsy veils of superstitious observance, England would inevitably have become the sole property of king, noble and priest.

In the monasteries, there was generally, if not always, a chamber known as the *Scriborium*, or writing-room, and Library. Here were kept the books (manuscript copies, at that time) which had been given by lordly patrons, or purchased by order of the Abbot. It was in one of these places that the German monk, Martin Luther, found a manuscript copy of the Bible, in much the same way that the 19th century scholar, Tischendorf, discovered the ancient copy at the Monastery of Mt. Sinai.

Zealous Catholic writers of today scout the story of Luther; and they industriously multiply so many editions of The Book, prior to the 16th century, and create such a liberal supply of Bibles in the vulgar tongue of the people, and throw open the Scriptural pages so invitingly to the Medieval laity, that you begin to wonder why it was that Wycliffe's bones were unearthed, burnt, and the ashes cast into the brook.

Quaint old Fuller misunderstood the facts, else how could he have immortalized the saying about Wycliffe's ashes floating into the Avon, thence into the Severn, thence into the wide ocean, and so to all parts of the world?

It would seem that we must learn history anew: nobody can truthfully write it, unless he is a furious papist, saturated through and through with Jesuitical mendacity.

William Tyndale was not hanged for translating the Testament into English: Ponce de Leon was not imprisoned for years on account of his turning Solomon's song into Spanish. Men were not condemned by Catholic bishops, and sent to die in the flames, because a Bible had been discovered in their houses—*no!* All such stories are malicious slanders, invented by "bigots," to lessen the halo of "our lord God, the pope."

A writer in *Truth* magazine, of New York City—a periodical conducted by American Jesuits—says, in a recent number of that edifying papal propagandist, that the illustrious astronomer, Copernicus, published his great book at Rome—on the papal press, presumably—and dedicated it to the reigning pope.

Well! *Well!! WELL!!!*

In looking over the papal Index Expurgatorious, to find the books dedicated by the pope to the Devil, I come upon the name of Copernicus, and the name of his immortal book—*the book which was published in Holland, and which the heretical author hugged in his arms, as he died!*

The entry reads as follows:

"*Copernicus, Nicolaus. De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium*, etc.

Page 72 Index Librorum Prohibitorium sanctissimi Domini Nostri Pii Sexti, Pontificis Maximi. Romæ, MD CCLXXXVI.

Freely turned into English, the above quotation means, that Pope Pius Seventh, our most holy Lord, in the year of our other Lord—Jesus Christ—did prohibit to the eyes and minds of dutiful Catholics a heretical and damnable book, entitled the "Revolutions of the heavenly bodies," by one Nicholas Copernicus.

The shameless writer in the *Truth* magazine not only represents the pope of Copernicus' day—Paul III.—*as the patron of the heretical astronomer*, but calls this condemned heretic by the affectionately orthodox name of "*Father*" Copernicus, thus implying that he was a saintly bachelor of the sacredest sort. As a matter of fact, *Copernicus never became a priest*, although he had been a Catholic, as his father, (a Polander of the Slav race), had been. In other words, Copernicus *inherited* his notions of astronomy and of religion, and cast both inheritances off, as his mind enlarged and he began to think for himself.

While Roger Bacon might risk and suffer imprisonment, fourteen years at a stretch, for the pursuit of knowledge not to be found in the "Lives of the Saints;" and while Etienne Dolet might dare the lightning of Rome's wrath, and perish in the flames, orthodox scholasticism safely prosecuted intellectual conquests in the discussion of such questions as, "How many angels can stand upon the point of a needle without crowding?"

A more perilous query was, "Whether a mouse nibbling a consecrated wafer thereby eats the body of Christ."

(See Aubrey's "Rise and Growth of the English Nation." Vol. I, p. 402.)

Dr. Aubrey says—Vol. I, p. 403—"the account books of the rich Bolton Abbey shows that *only three books were purchased during forty years*. . . . . This is but a specimen of the carelessness, ignorance, and sensual jollity which prevailed, to the exclusion alike of learning and piety.

It is also to be regretted that priceless classical treasures were frequently erased, in order that the vellum or parchment might be used for ridiculous legends, impossible miracles, historical fables, crude speculations and all the senseless gossip that marked the worst days of Monasticism."

In the year 1912, Methuen & Co. of London, and McClurg & Co. of Chicago, brought out a monumental work entitled, "Old English Libraries,"

by Ernest A. Savage, who was assisted by the Oxford scholar, James A. Hutt, M. A. The book shows the most painstaking research, and is free from partisanship of any kind. If there are any subjects that admits of impartial treatment, the old English library would seem to be one of the elect—predestined from before, etc.

The delightfully erudite and unimpassioned volume, refreshes the reader with many pictures, among them being a photographic reproduction of a lock-and-chain assortment of books.

In the good old days of Papal omnipotence, the free and easy circulation of literature was accelerated, by uniting each volume to the wood-work of the shelves by a metallic chain, several feet in length, and by securely locking the precious tome within the ends of the cable. Earnest seekers of knowledge could enter the library, if favored by the head of the house, and could sit or stand on a sort of sloping desk rising from the floor to the shelves, while they perused the volume which the custodian had somewhat released by unlocking the guardian chain.

On page 137, the scholarly author of "Old English Libraries" says, in reference particularly to the Library at Oxford College:

"After 1412 only graduates and religious who had studied philosophy for eight years could enter the library, and while there they must be robed. . . . . Strangers of eminence and the Chancellor could pay a visit at any time by daylight."

But the graduates and the priests were required by the Chancellor to take a solemn oath, before going to the books, not to misuse them in any way; and, even under this oath-bound safeguard, the favored ones could not use the library more than four hours a day. On mass-days and Sundays, the library was closed.

What did these literary seraglios contain? What odalisques of Genius did they jealously guard? What Golden fleece and Hesperideson apples were here preserved?

We turn to the Catalogues, and with difficulty restrain spontaneous merriment. Here on the shelves, chained and locked, we find the Golden Legend, the Speculum Ecclesiæ, the Catholicon, the Polichronicon, the Pupilla Oculi, the Legends of the Saints, the Vitas Patrium, the Sermons of Jacobus de Vorgine, the Summa Summarum, the Hugucyon, the Liber Sextus Decretalium, and other cheerful literature which must have drawn eager throngs of readers from all the regions round about.

As a rule, the shelves were cluttered up with ecclesiastical rubbish, not worth the locks and chains which shackled them. What earthly benefit was to be drawn from such silly manuscripts as The Miracles of the Virgin, the *Speculum Sacramentis*, Latin Commentaries on the Bible, the Latin works of The Fathers, Latin volumes on Grammar, Medicine, and church history, and such heavy stuff as Bede's *De Temporibus*, Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*, and Gregory the Great's *Speculum?*

Occasionally, a Greek or Roman classic might be found in the College library; occasionally, one in the monastery, but they were seldom read, often put away and forgotten, and never of benefit to the common run of men, for the reason that their gems were locked within a dead language.

The Bible itself was accessible to none but the favored few who could read Latin, and even to these it was a chained book, at the shelf in the library, or at the altar in the cathedral.

In the Appendix to "Old English Libraries," is given a price-list of the manuscript books then possessed by European Colleges, Monasteries, Kings, Popes, and wealthy Lords.

The large Bible cost, in our money, present value, the sum of One hundred and fifty dollars: but a small copy might be had for twenty-four; or bound in red leather and fastened with gilded clasps, the Book cost upwards of Three hundred dollars.

Missals, Breviaries, Psalters, Processionals, and Antiphonaries were worth all the way from ten dollars to fifteen hundred, according to style of writing, illumination, and binding.

A book on cosmography was exchanged for "land sufficient for 8 families."

A Dictionary sold for $400; and the Four Gospels for $30; Wylliott's "Natural Philosophy" was valued at $150.

The "parchment for 4 choir books, and writing them," was put down at more than $550; and "a primer given to the Lady Queen of Castile, at $3,-150."

I have carefully gone over the lists of books in these "Old English Libraries," and am no longer at a loss to understand why Martin Luther advised the perplexed and suffering young student, a victim of medieval theology, to "go and get thoroughly drunk."

Once that bewildering lot of stuff got into one's head, the only hope of relief was, complete oblivion, and a fresh start, in another direction.

In all of these catalogues, *you will not find a single English book* (i. e. written in English,) for the uplift of the submerged English.

Books on theology, astrology, canonical law, Aristitleian philosophy, devotional tracts, ponderous sermons, geometry, alchemy, logic, medicine, liturgies, missals, books of blessings, books of songs, books of decretals, metaphysics, civil law, poetry, grammar, a few Italian, Greek, and Latin manuscripts—these make up the collections which were dignified with the name of libraries, and which varied in number from one dozen volumes to one hundred. A College, or Monastery, which owned more than 200 manuscripts was fortunate, indeed; and not more than two or three such accumulations could be found in the whole of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and, of this meagre array, the far greater portion was worthless lumber.

King Henry VIII. was a man of gigantic physical make, being six feet and four inches tall, with a frame correspondingly wide and thick. As the years passed by, he became more and more self-indulgent in eating and drinking: the natural result was, that the rich food and the richer wines tended to inflame his temper and enlarge his person.

The writers tell us that he began to be obese, and the judicial murders—called State Trials—prove that he began to consider any opposition to his capricious will the rankest kind of treason, deserving swift punishment at stake or block. To these more irritable and declining years, belong his grimly merry manner to Parliament, and his threats to cut members' heads off, if they did not pass laws to suit him.

The "Anecdotal History of Parliament" tells us (page 13) that upon a certain occasion the annoyed monarch sent for one of the Parliamentary leaders, Edward Montague, to converse with him concerning the delays which had postponed a bill in whose passage Henry was interested:

"Ho, man! Will they not suffer my bill to pass?"

Montague, on his knees before the King, doubtless explained, as well as he could, why Parliament had not yet acted. But the gigantic, impatient Henry laid his hand—a heavy one—on Montague's head, and said, admonitively—

"Get my bill passed by tomorrow, or else tomorrow this head of yours will be off."

Montague hastened back to his place of legislative business, and worked with such patriotic ferver for the King's bill that it passed, on the very same day.

In the 22nd chapter of Hume's History of England, we read:

"Some days before this execution, four Dutch anabaptists, three men and a woman, had faggots tied to their backs at St. Paul's Cross, *and were burned in that manner;* and a man and a woman of the same sect and country were burned at Smithfield."

Some days before *this* execution!

What was the tragedy which, by four days, preceded the awful fate of the Dutch Anabaptists? Let us give a few moments to it, for the event illustrates an epoch, a religious system, a judicial monstrosity, and the state of mind which organized Superstition

is working to bring back upon the human race.

There was a certain school-teacher in London, named Lambert, who fatuously took himself to be a person whose birth-right it was to read, think, and believe, according to the intelligence given him by his Creator. Having formed some opinions which were not exactly the same as those prescribed by the Roman Catholic creed, he was so wickedly reckless as to express them. Straightway, he was reported to the higher clergy, and cast into prison. When his case was about to be heard by the bishops, he appealed to the King, as the head of the Church of England.

Gladly the appeal was granted by Henry, for he prided himself on his theological lore, and his skill at controversy. Had he not written a book against Luther? Had not the pope decorated him with the title of Defender of the Faith?

Yes, indeed, he would debate theology with the bumptious schoolmaster, would defeat him, would convert him to "the only true faith," and would thus demonstrate to the world that, while he was no servile minion of the pope, he was the strictest sort of a Catholic.

Westminster-hall was fitted up for the verbal tournament; and, on the day appointed, it was resplendent with the court-costumes and regalia of King, Lords, Judges, Members of Parliament, Prelates, and the most eminent lawyers and courtiers.

On the side of Orthodoxy, were arranged the irresistible magnates of the realm: on the side of the heretical schoolmaster, there was none but himself.

Lambert was alone; and the early Christian, flung to the lions of the amphitheatre by imperial Rome, was in no worse plight than the schoolmaster, in the midst of these Catholics thirsting for his blood.

The chief cause of the royal wrath against Lambert was, that he could not understand how a finite and perishable human creature could change a piece of bread into the infinite and imperishable God.

He had read the Bible; he knew that after Christ said of the bread, "This is my body," the bread disappeared by the usual process of eating, while Christ's body remained at the table, with John's head leaning upon it; and that it went forth to agonize, to be arrested, to be tried, to be scourged, and to be crucified.

Likewise, he had read that when Christ said of the wine, "This is my blood which is shed for you," and he knew that without his blood, Christ could not have continued to live, to walk, to suffer, to answer his accusers, and to pour forth blood from his side when pierced on the Cross.

Therefore, Lambert pleaded in defense of his opinion and his life, that Christ—humanly an Oriental—had spoken in the figurative language of the East, not meaning to be misunderstood literally.

The beleagured schoolmaster cited many a Scriptural text, to show that Christ was *continually* speaking in parables and in figures of speech; and that he had often alluded to himself, figuratively, as a vine, a door, a shepherd, a way, a light, etc.

For five hours, Lambert stood his ground against the enraged monarch and the furious prelates, neither side being able to make the slightest impression upon the other. Then, at last, the King asked the schoolmaster which he would rather do—live, or die. Even this extreme test failed to daunt Lambert: he firmly clung to common sense, in spite of the impending terrors of intrenched, embattled, and implacable Superstition. Refusing to debauch his reason, he was adjudged an obstinate heretic, and was sentenced to be burned alive.

It was "this execution" which took place four days before the burning of the Anabaptists.

After the death of Jane Seymour—due, it is said, to her being compelled to take part in the tiresome and noisy christening of her babe, too soon after its birth—King Henry was besought

by his assidious courtiers, in the delicate language of the day, "to couple himself again." But with whom should the widowed monarch couple?

Following their triumph over Anne Boleyn, the reactionary Catholic party had prevailed upon the King to legislate against differences of opinion in matters religious. Bishop Gardiner drafted the new law which he naively entitled, "*An Act to abolish diversity of opinions.*"

Of course he might just as well have drafted another law, and entitled it "An Act to require every person to have the same sort of hair, eat the same victuals, go to sleep at the same hour, and dream the same dreams."

But Gardiner was bent upon religiously sameness, and so was the King: consequently, an obsequious Parliament adopted a measure which doomed any Englishman who should deny the priest's power to create Christ; who should reject the doctrine that God required bachelors for his ministers: who should question the efficacy of allowing the laity nothing but the dry bread, at Communion, while the priest quaffed the rich wine; who should deny that compulsory confession, in private to the priest, was of divine origin; who should reject the doctrine of private masses, and who should contend that vows not to marry were temporary and voidable, rather than perpetual and inexorable.

These were the famous Six Articles, which gave new hope to Roman Catholicism, and carried dismay to the Protestants. They show how very slight had been the mental progress of the English Reformation, and how tenaciously the king held to his popish *doctrines.*

Politically, the difference between the Romanism of Henry VIII., and of Henry V., was prodigious: spiritually, it was almost nothing.

Cromwell was now in deadly peril, because he was the best-hated man in the kingdom. The aristocracy detested him as a low-born upstart, who had lorded it over *them*, and brought high heads to the block.

The Roman prelates hated him, because he had forced the rupture with the pope, had been the friend of the heretical Reformation, and had borne a leading part in the confiscation of papal property.

By sheer strength of intellect, character, and faithful service, Cromwell had become next to the King in rank and power. He was vice-regent, and lived in great state, maintaining, it was said, 1,500 men in livery.

His son had intermarried with the sister of Jane Seymour, and hence, Thomas Cromwell, whose father was a blacksmith, was in a way connected with the King by marriage.

There was enough in all this to arouse a feeling of jealousy in a monarch so sensitive to his own interests and prestige as Henry VIII. Long, long before, when Cardinal Wolsey had reached the pinnacle, was affecting regal state, and was erecting Hampton Court, his master had asked, suddenly and sourly—

"Why are you building a palace so much finer than any of mine?"

The ardoit courtier instantly answered,

"In order that I may have the pleasure of presenting it to Your Majesty."

And the gift was made. Hampton Court immediately became a favorite royal residence and is—I believe—still the property of the Crown.

Thomas Cromwell was not the subtle and supple courtier that Cardinal Wolsey had been; and, as his favor with the King declined, he was less adroit in postponing and breaking his fall. But it must be admitted that his difficulties were almost insurmountable. He was "a new man," dependent entirely upon the temper of his royal master. He was not one of the small electorate of Princes of the Church which made and controlled popes, as Wolsey had been; nor was he a peer of the realm, like his mortal enemy, the Duke of Norfolk. Cromwell's problem was, in fact, the old one of Scylla and Charybdis; if he too openly protected the Protestants, the Catholic Kings of Europe would closely unite and threaten the power of the excommunicated Henry; and, if

he too strongly favored the Catholics, he would lose the German princes whose alliance was a necessary check upon the Emperor Charles V.

It was a terrible dilemma, and no one knew it better than Cromwell. In just such a critical position, a Richelieu, or Mazarin, or Burghley might have held his ground; but Thomas Cromwell did not possess the supreme political sagacity of either of those masters of craft.

He blundered, when he urged Bishop Hugh Latimer to resign; he blundered, when he virtually interposed his authority to save the five hundred "heretics" who had been thrown into prison for non-conformity with the Six Articles; and he blundered, again, when he promoted the marriage of the King with Anne of Cleves.

After the passage of Gardiner's bill to "abolish differences of opinion," Archbishop Cranmer put away his wife and children. According to the orthodox views of the time, he was a better man, the day after he deserted the wife of his bosom and the child of his loins, than he was the day before. Yet, nobody pretended to believe in the chastity of the priests: everybody knew what they were: the whole of Christendom were familiar with "the nephews" of popes, the "neices" of priests, and the putrid stench of convents. The historian, David Hume, preserves in the Appendix of his Vol. III., a story of the day which cynically illustrates the real truth of celibacy—then, *and now*:

"The Duke of Norfolk meeting, soon after the passage of this Act—the Six Articles—*one of his chaplains*, said to him—'Now, sir, what think you of the law to hinder priests from having wives?'

'Yes, my lord,' replies the chaplain, 'you have done that; but I will answer for it, *you cannot hinder men's wives from having priests.*' "

Just so. The chaplain's terse putting of the case cannot be inproved upon. The versatile and finished scholar Erasmus wrote many and many a page, exposing the inevitable inherent, ineradicable vices and crimes of monastic life, and of enforced celibacy, but he never packed more truth in one sentence, than did the obscure chaplain of the premier Catholic peer of England.

Hooper, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, sums up the situation in these words—

"Idolatry is nowhere in greater vigor. Our King has destroyed the pope, but not popery. The impious mass; the most shameful celibacy of the clergy; auricular confession; superstitions abstinence from meats; and purgatory were never held in greater esteem by this people than at the present moment." (Aubrey, Vol. II., p. 164.)

Cromwell's plan for an alliance between the Lutheran princes of Germany and the King of England was statesmanly. Had he been able to perfect it and cement it, there might not have been a bloody Marian persecution in England, or a Thirty Years' War on the continent.

But the weak link in the chain, was Henry himself: at heart, he preferred his nephew Charles V. and the old religion. At heart, he despised and detested Luther, and all his works. It is entirely possible that he saw, as clearly as other Kings did, that the doctrines of Luther, Calvin, and Zuinglius tended toward democratic principles and institutions. An absolute monarch like Henry, who successfully demanded of Parliament that his proclamations be given the force of statutory law, and who judicially murdered the aged, white-haired Countess of Salisbury because she *corresponded* with her traitorous son, Cardinal Pole, was not the man to smile upon those who rose in arms against established Authority.

However, Thomas Cromwell made his last move in the desperate game, and pushed forward the match between the Protestant Anne of Cleves and the most bigoted Catholic, Henry Tudor.

With incredible folly, Cromwell and his lieutenants had prepared the King to expect a beautiful bride. The monarch was growing prematurely old, and he was fat, and he had an incurable ulcer in his leg, but he still fancied

himself the gay gallant of the Field of Cloth of Gold. He was fastidious, in the matter of woman, lovely woman; and he had abandoned his efforts to secure a French princess, because Francis I. had unreasonably declined to fetch to Calais the choice beauties of his Court, in order that Bluff King Hal might look them over, and pick out the handsomest. Francis had no more morals than Henry, but his manners were better. He stoutly refused to bring his ladies to the Fair, and give his brother monarch the privilege of inspection, experiment, and selection.

Henry complained feelingly of the contrariness of the French King, and asked in effect, "How can I choose, sight unseen?" The ambassador of Francis delicately inquired, whether he wished to take one of the French princesses on trial, preliminary to marriage; and the historian asserts that Henry "blushed." (Martin Hume: "Wives of Henry VIII., page 313.)

There may have been another reason why Francis and his ladies did not encourage the advances of a suitor who had shown such readiness to decapitate a Queen whose chastity was questionable.

King Francis knew, better than any other mortal, the risks that a French princess of that period would run, if she palmed herself off on Henry VIII. as "a true maid."

So, the attempts at a French match were abandoned, and Anne of Cleves came over, heralded as a paragon of virtue and a picture of feminine loveliness. Arter King Henry saw her at Rochester, he made a wry face, saluted her, and hurried back to his own apartment.

He not only beat a hasty retreat from Anne's presence, but almost clandestinely fled back to London, by water. Anne's appearance had apparently thrown the amorous monarch into a temporary panic.

And well it might, for having gone into her reception-room, expecting "a dream of fair women," another Helen of Troy, or at the least, another Anne Boleyn, he had found himself confronted by a large, square woman, "made in Germany," pitted with smallpox, frightfully dressed in the latest Dutch fashion, unable to utter one word, except in gutteral low-German, and moving about the floor with the untutored grace of the baby elephant at the zoo.

It was an awful blow to the King: he was almost prostrated. When he next saw Thomas Cromwell, his complaints were deep, loud, and bitter. "Is there no way out of it?" he desperately inquired.

Thomas Cromwell saw no way out of it, for he knew how proud and sensitive the Germans were, and it was no time to be insulting them, enraging them, and throwing their alliance to the winds.

Therefore, the wedding took place; but, on the morning afterwards, the disgusted King declared himself coarsely, against his bride, vowing that her person was offensive to him, that she was no true maid, and that he never would consummate the marriage.

Here at last, was the opportunity of the Catholic reactionaries, and they seized upon it. The Duke of Norfolk and Bishop Gardiner played upon Henry's discontent, and easily drew into its dread circle the minister who had brought about the odious match. That fact, by itself, would not have ruined Cromwell, but, as usual in such tragedies, concurrent causes came together.

The country was full of ousted monks, who railed against him on account of the confiscated monasteries. the commons were hostile, on account of new and heavy taxes: the Catholic nobility were dead against him, because of his low-birth and arrogant power: the Reformers were not zealous in his behalf, because he had had to sanction so many measures oppressive to them; and, from across the ocean, came the persistent intrigues of Cardinal Pole against this "Messenger of Satan; a wretch of low birth, brutal insolence, and atheistical morals." (Aubrey, Vol. II., p. 162.)

Cromwell himself had fashioned the weapon which struck him down: it was the swift, one-sided, terrific bill-of-attainder, which inflicted death by Act

of Parliament, *without a trial and without evidence, or a hearing from the foredoomed.*

A more fearful instrument of death was never placed in the hands of a despot; and, while we may commiserate Cromwell, we cannot think it strange that he—like the creators of the Revolutionary Tribunal in France—should perish by the instrument he constructed for the judicial murder of others.

Cromwell was beheaded; Anne was divorced; and the Catholic plotters, exulting and confident, pushed the fair and frail Catherine Howard into the arms of the King, in much the same way that they had used Jane Seymour.

The Duke of Norfolk, Bishop Gardiner, the Spanish Ambassador, and the Jesuits triumphed completely for the moment in the fatal union of the unchaste Catherine with the voluptuous King.

In the grewsome historic atmosphere of that era, the figure of the Duke of Norfolk, looms portentiously and ominously, not because of talent and force of character, but because of his vast wealth, his utter lack of principle, and his slavish servitude to the Italian church.

He had already taken an active hand in the murder of one of his neices, (Anne Boleyn,) and he was now deliberately thrusting another into the same perils—for Catherine Howard, also, was his neice.

A little later, we will find this preeminent nobleman taking an influential part in the disgrace and judicial murder of his own son, the brilliant Earl of Surrey.

Catherine Howard was small in figure, but well-made and pretty: her manners were vivacious; her carriage graceful; her passions natural and warm: hence, she pleased her royal husband immensely. For more than a year, he was matrimonially content, uxoriously delighted. Then came the envious tongue and the dreadful exposure: Catherine had not been a maid, when she wedded the King, nor had she been blameless, afterwards.

The evidence seems to be convincing, that Catherine had been carelessly brought up by the old Dowager Duchess of Norfolk, who allowed her to run with the serving-girls of the country-castle, and even to sleep with them in their dormitory. It is the well-worn story of "evil communications."

The domestics of the castle clandestinely got together at night, in their own quarters; and the natural consequence was that some of the young men remained for the greater part of the night. The adolescent girl, Catherine Howard, fell into this temptation, and she, also, had a male companion at night, a young gentleman named Derham.

According to the testimony of the infamous Lady Rochester—the same that swore away the lives of her own husband and his hated sister, Anne Boleyn—Catherine had taken into her service in the palace one who had been her paramour in the castle, and had renewed her amorous connection with him. In fact, Lady Rochester sealed her own doom by swearing that she herself connived at Catherine's secret meetings fith her lover, Colepeper, and helped to conceal the intrigue.

Apparently, the King wanted to save the life of this pretty consort who had given him so much pleasure; and he endeavored, through Archbishop Cranmer, to persuade her to admit that she had been secretly married, or plighted, before she became Queen. But Catherine would not say this; and so she went to the block, as her beautiful cousin had done.

Let us remember, that while she confessed the errors of her youth, she most earnestly denied, to the last, that she had ever sinned against her husband. It is hard to doubt the final word of a dying woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Female Convents.

By Mr. de Potter.

NOTICE.

The ensuing disclosures respecting *Monachism* and *Popery* are selected from the "Memoirs of Scopio de Ricci, late Bishop of Pistoia and Prato, Reformer of Catholicism in Tuscany, during the reign of Leopold. Compiled from the autograph manuscripts of that Prelate. Edited from the original of Mr. de Potter, by Thomas Roscoe." London, 1829.

Almost one half of the two original volumes are filled with the history of Italy during the period subsequent to the French revolution in 1789, and with incidental notices of Ricci's private life, and that of his numerous friends and correspondents. Nearly all those political and military details are omitted; because the sole objects designed by the present publication are these; to unfold *the genuine and unvarying practices of male and female convents;* and to demonstrate, that *the claims of the Papacy are totally incompatible with civil and religious liberty, and equally destructive of individual dignity, social decorum, and national intelligence and enjoyments.*

As the present work is reprinted from the "Memoirs of Scipio de Ricci," with those alterations only which were indispensable to preserve the continuity of the narrative; the English editor's preface imparts all requisite information concerning this most valuable and interesting development of the character of nunneries, the motives and arts of the Papal priesthood, and the immutable and universally mischievous and detestable policy of the Pontiffs and ecclesiastical Court of Rome.

PREFACE BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

Scipio de Ricci deservedly ranks among the sincere and venerable defenders of religious truth and liberty; and Mr. de Potter, in collecting these materials, has performed a task very acceptable to the students of contemporary history.

During the agitating and fearful drama of the eighteenth century, when liberty herself was desecrated by being allied with Atheism, and made the enemy of outraged humanity, the Bishop of Prato and Pistoia planned a system of reform which would have established the freedom of his countrymen on true moral, intellectual, and religious improvement. The most zealous enemy of injustice in States and Governments was not more opposed to oppression, nor more fervent in his desire of seeing mankind emancipated from every species of tyrannous thraldom; but he was superior in his design to the spirit of the age. He desired reform civil and ecclesiastic: and endeavored to pursue a line of action, which, if successful, would have led to the establishment of religious and moral improvement in the Italian States.

The narrative of the struggles, of the hardships and afflictions, which this prelate had to encounter in carrying on his reforms, is a

most interesting biography. Emancipating himself from the trammels of falsehood and superstition, he appears to have been carried forward by the purity and moral correctness of his feelings, and by the exercise of an ingenuous mind in the defence of truth and right. But Ricci, though possessing all the virtues of humanity, and all the sincerity which should form the character of a reformer, was wanting in those sterner elements which are requisite to a man standing in the situation that he occupied. His good sense and his love of truth excited his hatred of the base and enslaving superstitions with which he saw religion corrupted. His humanity made him wish to see his fellow creatures freed from such degradation; but his spirit, never bold enough to maintain such a situation, failed him. His ideas of the duty of submission, united with the natural mildness of his character, confounded the plain and obvious reasoning which a stronger mind would have employed; and he fell a victim to his own want of determination, and to the artifices of the common enemies of himself, of liberty, and of religion.

Many papers of the immense mass of documents which the original Editor of Ricci's Life has printed, could only be valuable to those who require to be told, that where superstition and political profligacy reign in their most degraded forms, morality and decency must be entirely forgotten. As the vices of the monks and nuns are sufficiently exposed, we have, therefore, spared the reader the disgusting toil of perusing details which would add no additional proof of a truth already known.

The original work, of which all the valuable and important parts are here presented to the reader, was composed from the autograph manuscripts and private memorials of Ricci. They were furnished to the Editor by the nephew of the Prelate; and no doubt exists respecting their authenticity.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

Among "the signs of the times," no one is more replete with melancholy forebodings, than the rapid extension of the monastic system, both in these United States and in Britain. Three hundred years ago, the English Monasteries and Nunneries were demolished by act of parliament; the preamble of which alleged as the cause of their dissolution, the indescribable turpitude and innumerable atrocities, which were inseparable from their very existence. Throughout all the protestant countries, since the reformation of the sixteenth century, male and female Convents have been abhorred, not only by all Christians, but by every wise and good citizen. They have almost disappeared from France, and in Spain they are hastening to extinction; in Portugal they have been destroyed; and in no country on earth, except in this Federal Republic and the British dominions, are they viewed in any other aspect, than as objects of detestation, domicils of inordinate wickedness, or dungeons of unmitigable despair.

During the last five years, many ineffectual attempts have been made to arrest the attention of American Protestants to the true character and pernicious results of the monkish life. The conflagration of the Ursuline Nunnery at Charlestown, however, has elicited a regard to the subject, which it is proper, should be improved; and to impress and enlighten the public mind, no mode seemed to be equally adapted, as a selection from the authentic materials of

which the ensuing work is composed. The testimony is unexceptionable; being that of a Roman Catholic Prelate, who was commissioned by a Prince subject to the Papal jurisdiction, expressly to investigate the arcana of conventual life; and it was compiled by a Civilian connected with the Roman hierarchy. The documents, therefore, cannot be objected to as of Protestant origin; because every fact is affirmed upon the authority of the Roman Prelate, and his Papal coadjutors, or of his deceitful and ferocious persecutors.

The succeeding narrative illustrates the two most impressive topics appertaining to popery, which American citizens can contemplate. Very little reference is made in this work to the theological portions of Romanism. Proselytes to Jesuitism are not collected in this country by the exhibition of the Popish idolatrous ritual, or the blasphemy of the Mass, or the absurdities of transubstantiation, or ludicrous delineations of purgatory, or the obscenities of auricular confession, or the usurped claim to govern conscience and to pardon sin, or even by the all absorbing assumption of infallibility. The primary allurement is, the fraudulent pretext of a superior education, to be obtained through their instrumentality, and the crafty adhesion to the strongest political party, which may temporarily gain the ascendency. Thus it is demonstrated, that the community of Papists in every Protestant country, are a distinct and isolated body, having no common interest with the other part of society; and always prepared to seize every opportunity to grasp power, and extend their pestiferous influence.

Scipio de Ricci, from whose memoirs the subsequent description of Nunneries is compiled, has also unfolded the unchangeable turpitude and stupendous artifices which now characterize the infernal policy of the Roman Pontiffs and their court of Criminals. This part of the volume is of equal importance to us, as his developments concerning Monks and Nuns. By the most undeniable historical details, and by other authentic documents, pontifical bulls, decretals, and canons, the fact is incontestable, that the Popes ever have claimed, as Gregory XVI. the reigning "Man of Sin," does now arrogate to wield the destinies of all mankind, upon penalty of the greater excommunication for rejection of his iniquitous authority, or disobedience to his accursed mandates. The discussions concerning the Bull "*in Coena Domini*," and the *Decretals*, are invaluable expositions of the inflexible spirit which guides and determines all the measures that are adopted by the Roman hierarchy. They testify beyond all cavil, that the dissemination of Popish principles, and the fearful increase of Romanists in this country, endanger the whole frame of civil society; and threaten, unless their progress be efficiently arrested, to subvert the whole fabric of the rights of conscience, and the government and constitution of the United States. European history, and the annals of Canada, Mexico, and South America, attest, that Popery in power, and true freedom as it is understood in this republic, cannot possibly exist together. The present volume renders that statement morally certain. Our grand design by this publication, however, was this: to unfold the principles, character, and doings of Female Convents. It may probably be objected, that some of the disclosures which the Roman Prelate has made, are so disgusting that they ought not to have been reprinted. In ordinary cases the plea would be admissible—but in reference to Popery it is invalid. A destructive incredulity

exists respecting the horrible impurity and deadly practices of Nuns, who are cloaked under various bewitching appellatives, and decorated in meretricious garbs expressly to ensnare and seduce our citizens. That mischievous fascination, it is essential to the public welfare, as well as to the security of the Christian Churches, to unravel and expose in lucid display. Leopold, Prince of Tuscany, merits the gratitude of the whole civilized world, for his attempts to exterminate the Convents in his dominions; and Scipio de Ricci, the Roman Prelate who endeavored to cleanse those "holds of every foul spirit," indescribably more filthy than even the fabulous Augean stable, "being dead, yet speaketh." After due consultation with the most competent judges, and some of the prominent champions of evangelical truth, in the present "*war upon the Beast;*" it was resolved, that the revolting discoveries which the Bishop of Pistoia and Prato made, should be presented to the public unmutilated; with anxious solicitude that the hideous pictures of Nuns and Nunneries which he has delineated, might tend to the exclusion of that part of "the mystery of iniquity," from this nominally Christian republic.

What, therefore, are the principal instructions which we derive from the researches that Scipio de Ricci made into the secrets of the Italian Female Convents? and what arguments can be adduced against the continuance and extension of the monastic system in the United States?

It is irrelevant now to review the origin and progress of monachism; nor is it of any importance to inquire into the supposititious benefits and certain injuries, which in former generations Monasteries and Nunneries are alleged to have produced. Our investigation applies to the present period, and to our own country; and in this aspect, it may justly be propounded for consideration, whether it be not the incumbent duty of the legislatures of the different States to prohibit those institutions by law?

The perusal of the ensuing pages fully sanctions four general propositions, either of which is amply sufficient to justify the utmost repugnance to Popery, which Christianity inculcates; and all of which combined evidently demand, that every good citizen should strive by all legitimate methods, to stop this enemy which cometh in like a flood; and that every sincere Christian should lift up the standard of the spirit of the Lord against him.

I. Nunneries and the conventual mode of life, are altogether contradictory to the Divine appointments respecting the order of nature, and the constitution of mankind and human society.

That declaration of Jehovah, which constitutes the foundation of all human existence, and especially of all our domestic ties and endearments, is coeval with the creation of mankind; "It is not good that man should be alone." In his allwise benevolence, the Lord of life made "a help meet for him." The law of Paradise is corroborated by the express mandate of Christianity; 1 Corinthians, vii. 2.; "let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband." This appointment of God, and this recommendation of the gospel, are both founded, we are assured, upon the same principle, and are proposed for the identical result; "to avoid fornication."

In all cases whatever, to violate these laws of creation and providence which are manifestly written upon man and his terrestrial existence, endangers our safety, either in its physical, mental, or

moral relations. That the monastic system destroys life, entombs the intellect, and engenders inordinate corruption of the most direful species, is a fact too notorious now to require proof.

"The monastic life is unnatural, for it is in direct opposition to an original principle of the human mind, by which our species are connected among themselves, the desire of society; and the professed and primary object of monastic institutions is preposterous, because their existence is one continuous crime against God, and against human society, increasing every hour in magnitude and atrocity."

> "Go, teach the drone of ghostly haunts,
> That wastes in indolence his time,
> Though superstitious hymns he chants,
> His life is one continued crime."

The monastic system, if universally adopted, would be general suicide. Not merely is the practice opposed because it is unnatural, but because it is unjust and ruinous. Respecting investigations that combine the very existence of mankind, we have no concern with individual exceptions, and especially in cases where no evidence can be proffered to sustain the alleged singularity; and in truth, where no proof can be valid against the original appointment of God, and the essential constitution of mankind. To all arguments which are based upon the exemplary purity of the voluntary celibate life of men, and the unavoidably coerced unmarried state of many lovely and refined women, there is the Divine retort, "it is not good that the man should be alone." There is universal testimony arising from the constant experience of the human family, that a life of celibacy is a course of unceasing impurity; and there are historical records which verify that the system of moonachism is directly at war with all the benevolent designs of God, and with all the essential interests of mankind.

The original constitution of human relations, as appointed by God, also determines that a life of celibacy is a course of injustice. No man either has a right to live unmarried, or can be justified for his palpable infringement of the Divine law; and consequently, there is a prior argument of Divine authority against the contrivance of Monks and Nuns which no negative evidence can possibly invalidate. The two chief points upon which reliance is placed as exoneration of the Roman Priesthood, and their cloistered sisters, from the charge of sensuality, are most perversely alleged. One is, their seclusion from the world and its temptations; and the other is, their abstinence, fasting and macerations. Although it could be evinced, that both those principles were fully carried out, and in their most extensive operation; nevertheless, the fact would not be demonstrated, that the monastic system could control that attraction between the sexes, which like the other animal instincts, is indispensable to the preservation of human life. But the reverse is the fact. In all ordinary cases, no persons live more luxuriously than the Papal Ecclesiastics, both male and female: and their severance from the world and its fascinations is more nominal than real.

That the abode of Monks and Nuns are perfectly unnatural; and as the unavoidable tendency, that they are the prolific sources of the most horrid uncleanness, the ensuing pages awfully prove. Without a constant miracle, they could not be otherwise. The attachment of the sexes towards each other, is indispensable and uni-

versal; without it the race of man in one generation would be extinct. The monastic system vitiates all the social affections, and incarcerates man in a cage of selfishness, and circumscribes all his affections within the restricted limit of his own personal gratifications. Were that unholy device to attain any extension and protracted supremacy, the moral hemisphere would speedily be subverted, and the Gospel of Christ, which is totally opposed to all the monkish infatuation, would again disappear in the more than Egyptian darkness that would overspread the world. The monastic system necessarily demands, that they who adopt it, should be persons deprived of every capacity for general usefulness, and also be men and women destitute of all the usual sensibilities of humanity. Whatever the inmates of convents may have been individually; whether an occasional Friar may have been gifted with continency, or whether some Nun or noviciate, under almost unparalleled circumstances, may have resisted the evils of the confessor, and the seductive influence of the licentious examples continually around her, is of no importance in deciding this question. The result could not uniformly follow, without the immediate direct interposition of the "Lord of all." A miraculous intervention of the most extraordinary character, and in comparison with which all the stupendous works of Jesus, the "Son of God," are profoundly eclipsed, must ever be directed in the choice, impulse, and restraint of a few individuals, contrary to the express universal and immutable appointments of God at creation, and the divinely constituted arrangements which he has made for the increase and preservation of mankind, and the blessing of the Church and the world.

II. The monastic system is opposed to personal piety, knowledge, purity, and usefulness, and invariably tends to debase its victims in ignorance, sensuality, crime and anguish. It would not be practicable to present a more lucid view of the character of Nunneries, than in the picture drawn of them by Mackray, in his Essay on the effect of the reformation upon civil society. Every feature of the hideous and appalling view is graphically correct, as proved by the more recent delineations of Scopio de Ricci. Appendix A.

It would be superfluous to attempt an elaborate proof of the proposition, that evangelical piety is incompatible with monastic life. What might be the effect of the system under any possible modifications, it is irrelevant to inquire. Unvarying testimony assures us that "pure religion and undefiled," has never yet been exemplified in claustral life. Gloomy superstitious forms, and sanctimonious mummery have been practised with apparent austerity; but communion with God, love of the brethren, practical piety, and Christian holiness, are profound strangers to the monastic system. In truth, the celibate life, which is its primary and cardinal ingredient, extirpates all that is pure and good. Of this fact, the two English Universities are a remarkable demonstration. In those splendid endowments, it is required that the "fellows," as they are called of the Colleges, shall be unmarried men. The consequence is this, that probably Oxford and Cambridge embody more notorious and inordinate dissoluteness, than any other towns in Britain. This is the legitimate result of retaining .as is still done in England, so large a portion of the antiquated usages and popish corruptions of the dark ages.

The boasts which are so often made of the learning of anterior

generations under the papal supremacy; and the lamentations that have been offered over the supposed literary losses to the world, by the demolition of the monasteries, are merely idle affectation. The author already quoted has supplied us with an illustration upon this topic not less instructive than convincing. Appendix B.

Of all the drones who ever infested the world, none surpass in perfect uselessness, and its inseparable attendants, vice and misery, the inhabitants of convents. Indolence is their best characteristic. Incarcerated in a gloomy mansion, with no duties to fulfill, no motives to activity, no sympathy or relationship for the exterior world, and no anxiety for its improvement, or feeling for its desolations, of what value are those excrescences upon society?

> "In shirt of hair, and weeds of canvass dress'd,
> Girt with a bell-rope that the Pope has bless'd;
> Wearing out life in his pernicious whim,
> Till his mischievous whimsy wears out him."

No man has a right to absolve himself from all the duties which he owes to the world. No woman can be justified for abandoning all the obligations which she owes to society. No Christian, therefore, possibly can be a Friar or a Nun.

III. Monachism directly counteracts the progress of intelligence, civil and religious freedom, commercial prosperity, and national improvement. It is the peculiar property of Romanism to defile and curse every thing with which it comes into contact: and if there be any part of that "working of Satan," called Popery, which possesses more deleterious qualities than the rest of "the mystery of iniquity," it is the monastic system. An irresistible argument might be framed from the spirit of monkish institutions, which would demonstrate that they must deteriorate the human character, and obstruct all the stable interests of the body politic. Every incentive to progress under its mischievous influence is extirpated. In former ages, when the edifices devoted to Friars and Nuns were found in every district of the European nations, what was their character, and what was the result of their establishment? Universal barbarism, penury, wretchedness, and crime. All the annals of the thousand years prior to the Reformation, bear the same decisive and unequivocal testimony to the benighted, and impoverished, and degraded condition of the then existing people. Could it possibly be otherwise? All the impulses to enterprise and personal and social elevation, under the government of the Papacy, and especially within the cloistered battlements, are utterly unknown. Any other knowledge than that which can be made subservient to priestly aggrandizement, is pronounced accursed; and subjects the possessor of it to imprisonment, torture, and death. Probably the dark dungeons of Popery scarcely unfold a more demonstrative proof, that hostility to science was not the error of one age, but that it is the crime of the Papal system, than the history of Galileo. His experience is undeniable evidence that an inveterate and perpetual warfare is waged by the Pontifical Court, not against pure religion only, but also against true philosophy and the noblest science.

"Galileo had become a convert to the Copernican astronomy; and, by a succession of most splendid discoveries, had demonstrated the motion of the earth around the sun. The ignorant Pope and

besotted Cardinals, and the ferocious Inquisitors, accused that dignified philosopher and the greatest scientific scholar of his age, of the crime of heresy; and Galileo was cast into a dungeon of the Inquisition. His sublime knowledge was condemned by priestly bigots, all whose intelligence was restricted to the most voluptuous mode of gratifying their inordinate sensual appetites, and who were too grovelling and carnal minded to comprehend his lofty speculations and ethereal soarings; and to that superlative astronomer was presented the alternative, either to deny self-evident mathematical propositions, or to be burnt as a heretic. At seventy years of age, on his knees, and with his hand on the Gospels, he condemned, abjured and cursed his own infallible opinions, and swore before the infamous Inquisitors, that he would never more hold or assert in word or writing the doctrines which he had demonstrated, that the sun is the center of the solar system, and that the earth moves. From that day he never afterwards either wrote or talked upon the subject of astromony."

What is the *Index Expurgatorius*, but a pontifical law, which dooms the whole dominions over which the Pope's jurisdiction extends to Egyptian darkness? All books, in every department of literature, theological, scientific, historical, and upon the ornamental arts, unless they directly or indirectly aid the despotic claims of the Roman Court, are condemned to be burnt. The catalogue begins with *the Holy Bible*, and includes almost every *genuine* book which is truly worthy of perusal, either ancient or modern. That prohibition of books is most seduously complied with in all convents; and the explorations of Scipio de Ricci among the monasteries and priesthood of Tuscany, convince us that the boasted literary lore of Jesuit seminaries, and Ursuline convents, must necessarily be an imposture; because all the means of their attaining knowledge are most seduously and authoritatively, by the Pope and his prelates, and equally by the voluntary design of the monastics, totally excluded.

Popery decrees that "ignorance is the mother of devotion;" and, of course, of every good quality—but Protestantism proclaims, that "knowledge is power." The monastic system is destructive of illumination, and consequently of liberty. Despotism, of the most abhorrent attributes, is both the very mainspring and ailment of conventual life. It gilds the cross which surmounts the principal turret,—it is the steam-pump by which, at auricular confession, every secret of the heart is evolved, and it is the iron key which locks up in impenetrable darkness the doleful mysteries of those dungeons of despair. The tyranny of the convent extends to every spiritual emotion, as well as to the language, features, demeanor and conduct; and they must be moulded according to the imperious dictates of the superior and the chaplain.

All this is irreconcileable with freedom; and it is an indisputable fact, that girls and boys, in this country, who have been trained up in a convent or monastery, unless the grace of God very powerfully operates upon them, exemplify the prominent features of the monastic system. Many persons now well known in society, exhibit such extraordinary varieties, that their companions realize great difficulty in attempting to unravel their complex characters. They are blustering and servile—apparently candid, and yet profoundly deceitful—they mingle the fawning of a parasite with the stubbornness of a mule—and can assume so many forms, that no man can place any reliance scarcely upon their personal identity. It is the

natural effect of a monastic education. They were in the basest bondage, and cannot shake off its habits; they are in freedom, and know not how to improve it. That system which thus necessarily despoils citizens of their best qualities, ought to be execrated: for it is evident, that if extended so as to predominate throughout our country, all genuine freedom would be extinct.

The superiority of Protestantism to Popery, in reference to mercantile enterprise, is so palpable that it requires neither illustration nor proofs. The wisdom of divine Providence is remarkably illustrated in the close connection which, in point of time, exists between the three grand events which have been the instruments, in the dispensations of the merciful Jehovah, in some measure to renovate the world: and the order of their occurrence was not less admirably planned, than the stupendous results which have flowed from them. The art of printing rendered universal the principles of nautical science; the discovery of Columbus opened a way for adventurous spirits to realize the dignity of emancipation from the Pontifical shackles, by a removal where the thunders of the Vatican did not reverberate; and Luther, Zuingle, Calvin, Knox and Cranmer, broke to atoms the extinguishers which had so long concealed the true light, and liberated man soon commenced to traverse all latitudes and longitudes in search of knowledge and in quest of opulence. The contrast only between Protestant and Papal countries during the last 250 years, discloses a testimony against convents, which it is impossible to gainsay. Monks and Nuns in no form participate in the active duties which cultivate those products that are wafted into all lands, and from which, in return, the comforts and luxuries of life are obtained. Hence it follows, that the indolent life of Monks and Nuns is a barrier to all national improvement. The existing deplorable state of Tuscany, as portrayed in the ensuing pages, was, three hundred years ago, the state of all Europe. The swarms of Friars, and their cloistered paramours, consumed the vitals of every land. Their example encouraged sloth among all orders of the people. Poverty, wretchedness, debasement, and pillage characterized the whole community. It was either a gorgeous display of barbaric magnificence, by the feudal lord of the district, or the most appalling dependence and necessity. The history of every country which has ever been cursed by the Papal predominance, and especially the present condition of those who have been emancipated from its thraldom, when contrasted with their anterior state, verifies, that, to indulge any expectation of general benefit from the monastic system and from the predominance of Popery, is just as wise as to attempt to "gather figs from thistles, and grapes from thorns."

IV. The monastic system nullifies all the requirements of the Christian religion. Its duties are prohibited, its consolations intercepted, and by the operation of monachism, the exertions of gospel philanthropy are abrogated, and the universal diffusion of the Kingdom of God, which is righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, is totally impeded.

It may probably be objected to this allegation, that the Monks of former ages were the persons by whom the Roman Court enlarged the pontifical sway. The fact is admitted, and it redounds still more to the disgrace of Popery and the Friars, that instead of propagating the glorious Gospel, they only substituted their own more refined idolatry and superstitions for the offensive abominations of Paganism. But transfer men and women to the cells of the

convent, its sloth and secrecy, its constant mummeries and restless anxieties for freedom and enjoyment, its insatiable longings, and its constant identity of voluptuous and unsatisfying indulgence: and would you look for evangelical missionaries in those dens of ignorance, sloth, and corruption?

All the monasteries on earth could not produce a Brainerd, a Swartz, a Vanderkemp, or a Martyn, with the rest of the glorified servants of Christ, exclusive of the living laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. Neither idiotism nor lunacy would dream of going into a convent to procure the counterparts of Anne Chater, Harriet Newell, Anne Judson, and the other intrepid and devoted women, who will live in everlasting remembrance when the monastic system, with "the beast and false prophet, shall be consumed in the lake of fire, burning with brimstone."

When the monkish system commenced, it was merely a flight into the desert, and a temporary abode in solitude, until the infernal storm of malignant persecution had dissipated its fury. The crafty "Man of Sin" speedily perceived, that the monastic life and vows might easily be transformed into an irresistible machine to support his usurped depotism. Erroneous opinions respecting the superior sanctity of the celibate life, and infatuated whims concerning the refining spirituality of years devoted to contemplation, enlarged the number of Monks; until their independence of the Prelates permitted them to pass their time in one continuous scene of sensual indulgence. Notwithstanding all the indescribable corruption which characterized the Convents of Friars, and the Nunneries, they maintained their ascendency over the benighted and superstitious multitude. When we remember the profound ignorance, even of all the residents in the monastic edifices, we cannot feel surprise, although we must abhor their delusions and iniquity, that persons who were given over to "strong delusion," and who commingled all that was good on earth with the Pope's passport to heaven, should have yielded themselves to the support of a pretended, imposing, gaudy ceremonial, which allows every vicious indulgence for money, and which guaranteed an admission into Paradise to all who can purchase the title, sealed by the Pontiff of Rome.

But the monastic system in modern times, and especially in the United States, in its essentially deceptive character, appears masked under the name and in the garb of literary institutions. In all those parts of Europe where the astounding wickedness of the male and female convents was divulged, it was impossible to protract their duration; their inexpressibly flagrant dissoluteness rendered it absolutely impracticable, either to extenuate their turpitude, or prolong their existence.

But as the number of persons devoted to celibacy, severed from the world, and in inalineable alliance with the Pope, is of vast solicitude to the Roman Court, the Pontiffs of the sixteenth century permitted the priests and their sisters, whose crimes were so odious that he dared not pardon them, and yet whose ungodly services were so valuable, that he could not dispense with them, to imbody themselves under a new and unsuspicious title. Thus many of the unprincipled mendicant Friars became Jesuits, and the most wicked Nuns were embodied under the name of Saint Ursula. The two orders are brother and sister. They are governed by the same principles—ostensibly pursue the same object—the education of youth. Always, however, professing great solicitude to teach

Protestant children, but exhibiting no regard for the benighted and perishing souls of the Papists; and they have ever exemplified an artifice which certifies, that with "cunning craftiness they lie in wait to deceive."

But the grand inquiry is this—Are the spirit, principles, and practices of the monastic orders changed in modern times? The answer may be found in the following portraiture of Tuscan convents. It is the perennial boast of all Romanists, both ecclesiastical and their disciples, that Popery is identical, and what it ever was, it is now, and always will be. This fact all history certifies; consequently, Popery in the United States, in the nineteenth century, is the same as it was in Britain three hundred years since. But the Monks and Nuns are the staff of the Roman Court; and therefore, under whatever vizors concealed, or by whatever name disguised, they are now the counterparts of their ancient atrocious predecessors.

The monastic system comprises a total paralysis of all Christian good, in devotion, zeal and morals; and substitutes childish superstitions, with the most debasing sloth and vice. But probably the worst effect of conventual institutions is the profoundly artificial character which they invariably produce and nurture. Jesuitical dissimulation is an inseparable associate of the monkish life. Deception fills the unholy edifice from the foundation to the capstone; it is the air which Monks and Nuns breathe, and the highly seasoned sauce which gives a relish ot all their food, and by the operation of which their other privations are rendered tolerable. The ensuing details of the researches made by Scipio de Ricci demonstrate the truth of an inference, which in its application is most startling, that an inmate of a monastery or nunnery cannot retain the predominance of Christian principles and integrity. With the very few exceptions of those who have since become the subjects of redeeming grace, it is undeniable, that nearly all the young men in our country who have been trained up in the Jesuit Colleges, are either avowed or secret infidels, and not less licentious in practice than irreligious in principle. There is not an instance to be found, unless those included in that exception, even among the women, which is not conformable to the above statement. Every girl who has been educated in an American nunnery has departed from it—either a determined sceptic, or a hardened opponent of all religion, or a disguised and dispensed Papist; and assuredly with every refined feminine sensibility destroyed, and most probably deeply versed in all those artifices that she has learned from the Jesuit confessor, by which she can deceive every person, and elude all discovery of her genuine character and secret dissipation.

The hypocrisy which is stamped upon all the Jesuit Convents, whether superintended by Roman Priests or their Ursuline sisters, is so undisguised, that it is astonishing our citizens do not indignantly repel the daring imposture. Those wily craftsmen, and their priestesses, proclaim that their sole object is to educate youth in a superior manner; and they boast of their extraordinary qualifications for that object. But the solemn inquiries may be propounded —why are those Priests and Nuns so anxious to teach Protestant children only? Why will they not receive them after they have passed the years of mere juvenility? Why do they maintain all the strictest regulations of the ancient orders, whose very crimes were produced and perpetuated by the operation of those rules and

customs? To these questions should be added the consideration, that Protestants have erected a system of education in almost all parts of our republic; and although in many respects imperfect, yet the elementary principles of knowledge can every where be obtained; while in many of our colleges, a course of literature is studied co-extensive with the acquirements of any similar foreign institution, and as far superior to all that any Jesuit seminary imparts, as the difference between the oratory of George Whitfield, and the song of a Roman Priest, chanting a mass for a soul in purgatory. Protestant female institutions also are dispersed throughout our country, between which, for the purpose of literary tuition, and especially in point of Christian morals, and the nunneries established by the sister Jesuits, there is no more likeness than there is similitude between Hannah More, and the superior of the Ursuline community at Charlestown.

Now it is certain, that a very large and disproportionate mass of ignorance, and its consequent immorality and debasement, is found among the Papists. Very few of them, comparatively, can read or write; and it is still more deplorable, although consistently mischievous, that the Roman Priests will not permit the popish youth to attend the schools of the "cursed heretics," as they denominate the Protestants. Why, therefore, if they are so extremely benevolent and philanthropic as they profess, do not the Jesuits and the Ursulines dedicate their labor to the melioration of the moral character, and the improvement of the mental condition of the hundred thousand children of their own society, who are growing up to maturity, groping in darkness, and untamed as a wild ass's colt?

The only answer to this question is this—that the sole object of all the monastic institutions in America, is merely to proselyte youth of the influential classes in society, and especially females; as the Roman Priests are conscious that by this means they shall silently but effectually attain the control of public affairs. No girl long attends auricular confession, either to the superior of the Nunnery or the Chaplain, before she is lost. Her will is subdued. She has surrendered herself to the control and implicit direction of two unspeakably artful profligates, who have her reputation entirely at their disposal—and the declaration of Flavia Peraccini, Prioress of the convent at Pistoia, page 92, of this volume, may be infallibly affirmed of every one of them. The confessors "*deceive the innocent, and even those that are most circumspect; and it would need a miracle to converse with them and not to fall!*"

With this knowledge of Monks and Nuns, and the official testimony of a prince and prelate, both subject to the Roman court, as narrated in this work, the appeal must solemnly be made to all Protestants—Can you justify before God and your country, your patronage of monastic institutions? Do you not endanger the virtue and usefulness of your children in this world, and also jeopard their everlasting welfare, by transferring your sons, and especially your daughters, to the management of Jesuit Priests and Ursuline Nuns? From their primary organization about three hundred years ago, when they embodied the very refuse of the ancient orders, whose habitually nefarious course, the Papacy itself, which emphatically lieth in wickedness, would no longer tolerate; those Roman ecclesiastics, the Jesuits, and *their* Ursuline sisters, have been uniformly the most loathsome examples of unnatural

licentiousness, whose vitiosity is recorded in the annals of mankind.

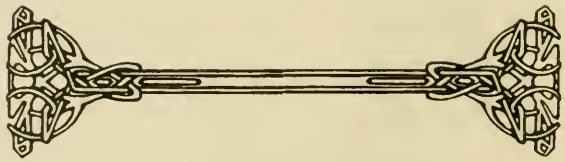
To all such blinded or deluded Protestant parents, may aptly be applied the pungent mandate and expostulation, 2 Corinthians, vi. 14—18. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?" Therefore, hear the voice from heaven, which says, "Come out of Babylon, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

The ensuing portraiture of Jesuit monasteries, and the Roman priesthood, and the pontifical hierarchy, and of female convents and nuns, is recommended to all those who are anxious to comprehend the genuine character and the uniform and universal practices of those institutions. Here are no high-wrought romantic fictions, no eloquent imaginative tales worked up for effect, and naught "set down in malice," by inimical Protestants. The ensuing pages comprise grave and unadorned testimony, furnished by a Popish prelate and his brethren, acting officially by the authority of a prince, subordinate to the Roman court; and narratives prepared by the nuns themselves; consequently, as the evidence cannot be impugned, the description of ancient Judah and Jerusalem, by the prophet, may be correctly applied to the entire monastic system. Isaiah, i, 4, 5, 6. "Ah! people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, children that are corrupters! From the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."

From this pestilential curse, may the God of mercy deliver our republic, and the American Churches!

New York, 10th October, 1834.

(To be continued.)



The Woman of Babylon

Joseph Hocking

CHAPTER XXVII.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

But Ned Harrington did not reply immediately. He slowly loaded his pipe and lit it without speaking a word, while Walter Raymond watched him.

"Give me a piece of paper and a pencil, Raymond," he said.

Raymond asked no questions, but supplied him with what he had asked for. Harrington sharpened the pencil deliberately, and then sat for a time staring into vacancy. Presently he set to work on the paper, while Walter Raymond sat thinking.

"How is that?" said Harrington, after about five minutes, passing him the slip of paper.

"Exactly."

"You would know him from that?"

"Anywhere."

"I am glad of that. I wanted to be sure of it before it faded from my memory. If I were to colour it, I could put in the winemark below the left ear."

"Yes; still, searching for a man in London is like trying to find a needle in a haystack."

"But the needle has a name."

"Varcoe. Yes, I heard that."

"Not a common name."

"No; but I say, Walter, don't you feel ready to cut your throat?"

"Very nearly. But it seems as though the fates were against us."

"Against us! They put a wonderful chance in our way. That girl knows where Joyce is. Joyce was the one of whom she spoke; I am sure of it. Oh, what fools—what blind fools we were, Walter—we, who know what Ritzoom is, to allow him to take us in like that! And yet I did not feel it at the time."

"Neither did I."

"At first I really believed the fellow knew where Joyce was. I believed he was going to tell us. He made me so eager that I almost forgot that Miss Robinson."

"So did I. He came to us so eagerly, he said so plainly that he knew where Joyce was, that I jumped at his bait like a fish jumps as a fly. I did not realise that he had a purpose in it all; I was sure he was going to tell us what we desired to know. Somehow or other, he chained my attention; he made me almost believe that he was a good fellow at heart: unknown to us, he almost made us play the part of the spider and the fly."

"Almost."

"He's a wonderfully clever fellow, Harrington, a wonderfully clever fellow."

"So was the gentleman who tempted Faust," remarked Harrington drily.

"I did not feel he was fooling us until you got up; then I saw the whole thing. But I kept up the farce. I hoped you would be in time."

"But I was not."

"Tell me all about it, Harrington."

Harrington gave a description of his fruitless efforts and of his talk with the waiter. When he had finished Walter Raymond could contain himself no longer.

"Oh, what fools! What blithering fools we were!" he said.

"That's not half strong enough," replied Harrington. "Of course, we ought to have known. Ritzoom saw us—saw us sitting in close proximity to that girl. They knew her, and then, fearing lest we should get to talking with them, or of getting some clue, they joined us, and kept us talking till they were gone. They had to find some excuse for joining us, so they——"

"Exactly," said Walter Raymond, "and they succeeded better than they knew, for they could not know that we had heard anything."

"No, they could not know. Of course, Ritzoom will look upon it as a possibility, but I gave him no hint."

"No; you told him that we had discovered nothing."

"Neither have we. If we had hinted that we had heard anything we should have spoiled everything."

"You mean that he would have removed her to another convent?"

"Exactly. But we must find out where this family live; we must get into communication with them. Then that girl will tell us where Joyce is. What plan would you suggest for finding out?"

"Advertising would be no good," said Walter Raymond; "we should put Ritzoom on his guard. He would be more likely to see the advertisement than this man Varcoe."

"Even if he is called Varcoe."

"But he is. We heard her call him by that name."

"We heard her call the lady, you mean. He may be her brother, and brought his widowed sister with her children to London in order to give them a pleasant evening.

"Yes, of course. But did you see the look of fear on the girl's face?"

Harrington nodded.

"Still, I have the man's face here," he said, looking at the sketch he had made. "I must give this to Signore Volpe. I will make another copy for myself, and another for you."

"Yes. Do you know, Ned, in spite of everything, I feel happier? That girl has made me feel nearer to Joyce. I know now that she is not dead, and I should judge that she is in England."

"She is a novice," said Harrington, moodily.

"But that is not a nun."

"It is a long way towards it. She must be in greater fear of these men and women ecclesiastics than ever now. Her mind will more than ever be bent to their wills. If we find her—I say, my friend, we must be quick, or we shall lose everything."

"How—what do you mean?"

"She is over twenty now. In another year you will have no legal control over her, and by that time she will be in the power of these people, body and soul."

"'No, she won't" said Walter Raymond.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because she is not a fool, and she has a sense of humour. She is my child, Ned, and although at present they have got hold of her, she will see through it in time. She will see that this kind of thing is not religion at all, but only a miserable caricature of the teachings of Christ. I know Joyce's character, and I tell you she can never spend her whole life as a nun. Besides, she loves you, Ned."

"Yes, but who knows what they have told her about me? They may have told her that I am married, or a hundred things; then her very love for me would drive her to fall in with their wishes."

For a long time they talked together, and then Raymond made his way home. It was about ten o'clock when he arrived at the house. When he entered the room in which he and his wife used to sit of an evening, he found her alone, reading a devotional book.

"Are the children gone to bed, Lucy?"

"Yes. Do you wish any refreshments?"

"No thank you; I dined in the city."

"Alone?"

"No; I dined with Harrington."

Mrs. Raymond was silent for a moment; then she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Lucy?"

"What is that to you? You do not care for me."

Walter Raymond bit his lips, but did not answer.

"You dine in the city, while I am left alone night after night," she said.

"You know why, Lucy. It is by your own wish that you are left alone. You said you wished us to be strangers."

"How could it be otherwise when you are an enemy to my faith? When against my will you have turned our boy against the faith in which he was baptised?"

"I think the less said about that the better," replied Walter. "Against my will, yes, and without my knowledge, you had the chaldren baptised by a Roman priest; you have taught them to distrust me, to avoid me; you have ruined our home with your priestcraft, and then you accuse me of trying to save our boy."

"Trying to save him? Trying to ruin him, rather!"

Raymond laughed bitterly.

"We were so happy once," sobbed Mrs. Raymond presently.

"Until the priest came between us," said Walter.

"Oh, you don't know, you don't know! You are in the dark. If I have seemed unkind, cruel to you, is was only because I want to save my soul. And now to think that Walter, who was baptised into the Church, should——"

Mrs. Raymond burst out crying again.

"Will nothing move you, Walter?" she said.

It was the first time she had called him by his Christian name for months, and Walter Raymond's heart softened for a moment, but only for a moment. He remembered the bitter experiences of the last two years: he called to mind the fact that for more than a year he had been searching for his eldest child. He remembered how that very evening he had been outwitted by a priest, and then his heart became hard again. He reflected that he had no home, no wife, and that only one of his children remained truly his own, because of the so-called religion in which his wife believed.

"Nothing," he replied quietly.

"Oh, Walter, if you only knew the danger in which you stood! You are closing your heart to the truth; you are heaping up agony in the time to come."

"Don't be silly, Lucy," he replied. "As you know, when you became a Romanist I raised no objections. I did not like it, but I said little or nothing. In my foolishness I thought it would not destroy our love or our home life; I had no thought that it would alienate us: I did not believe you would try and turn the children against me. But your religion has done all these things; you have become the slave of the priest. And that is not all. You took part in persuading Joyce to leave home, and then——"

"But, Walter, what was I to say to my conscience, to my duty to my Church?"

Evidently she was trying to be conciliatory, and for a moment Raymond believed she was becoming tired of her bondage.

"Your conscience? Your duty towards the Church?" he replied. "Lucy, I wish you had a sense of humor. If you had you would laugh at the whole business. Mark you, I do not say there are not good people among the Catholics—many earnest Christians, for that matter. There are bound to be, just as there are good Christians among the Peculiar People, or Seventh-day Baptists, or almost any sect holding wild and fanatical ideas, who claim to be the one true Church of Christ. But all this mummery, this priestcraft, this claim to be the one true Church, and the rest of the superstitions—I say, if you had any sense of humor, you would laugh at it all. You would see how much it was worth. But you have not; you have become a slave to it, and now you see the consequence. Our home is broken up, our family is divided, all the old loyalty and trust are gone. If a tree is known by its fruits, then this tree is devilish."

"You are thinking of Joyce," said Mrs. Raymond; "you are still trying to find her."

"I have never given up—I never shall give up," replied Walter.

"And if you find her——"

"If I find her I'll take her away, I'll expose the whole business."

"Do you know where she is?" cried Mrs. Raymond eagerly.

"Do you?" asked Walter. "You practically admit she has gone to some convent. Do you know where?"

"As God is my witness, no—I have not the faintest suspicion."

"You have never heard from her?"

"No, never; and oh, Walter, Walter, I do want my child! I do long for my little Joyce!"

It was the cry of a mother's heart. For the moment she seemed to forget everything save that she and her husband were together again, and that they were united in the love they both had for their child.

"It all lies with you," said Walter.

"With me?"

"With you. If you claim her, if together we go to the priests and tell them you'll no longer allow yourself to be dominated by them, and that you demand your child back——"

"Oh, I dare not—I dare not!"

"You shall not go alone," said Walter. "Come with me now. Let us go to Brandon, and let us tell him plainly we have done with his dominion. Let us tell him that we demand our child, and——"

"Oh, I dare not—I dare not! You don't know—you don't know!"

The woman was trembling. Was it with fear, or was some other influence strong upon her?

"Dare not? I will do all the daring. Say the word, break away from the cruel tyranny of this system, and I will go to Brandon's house this very night and——"

"Yes, but afterwards! He would—oh, Walter, you don't know!"

"I know that we were happy before the priests darkened our home; I know that if you will break away from them I will take a house in some other district, and then we shall be free of them, we shall be happy again. Joyce would never have gone to them had you not encouraged her, and if we make a claim for her restoration—that is, together——they would be obliged to return her to us. Say the word, Lucy, and then we can be happy again—we can have our little Joyce back again."

"Have you found out anything, Walter? Have you any idea, any suspicion, where she is? Tell me if you know." She spoke eagerly, almost feverishly. There was a look of excitement in her eyes, a tone of earnest pleading in her voice.

"Nothing definite," replied Walter, without thinking of the purport of his words. He was carried away by the change in his wife's behaviour.

"But you have found out something, Walter? You have some clue? You are on the track? Tell me, Walter, tell me! Oh, I do so long to see my child!"

Walter Raymond hesitated a moment. What was the cause of this sudden change of behavious? A terrible suspicion flashed into his mind.

"And if I had found a clue?" he said.

"Tell me—tell me if you know!"

"And then you would tell Brandon tomorrow morning when you went to confession. Would you?"

The words came from him suddenly, and he watched her while he spoke. Her face became pale, and her eyes fell before his.

"Tell me," he continued. "Would you?"

But she did not reply. She could not look into the eyes of her husband and tell him that she would not.

Walter Raymond laughed bitterly.

"I see—I see," he said. "You want to know if I have succeeded in order to tell Brandon. I see the track of the cloven hoof; the trail of the serpent is plain."

This man, who was not generally hard to move, was much angered. He had not realised in its entirety what the system meant until then.

"This has all been a bit of play-acting," he said. "All these tears and protestations have been manufactured for the occasion. You wanted your husband to confide in you, and then you would go and tell him whatever I have told you. I suppose all this conversation will be confessed tomorrow."

Still the woman did not speak. Not being clever, she did not think he would thus turn the tables upon her.

He reflected a moment, and then he saw more than had suggested itself to him at first.

"Brandon has been here tonight?"

He spoke quietly, but the tones of his voice showed that he was

in no mood to be trifled with. The woman remained silent, and kept her eyes on the ground.

"Tell me, has that man Brandon been here tonight?"

Still she remained silent; but Walter Raymond meant to have his way.

"Look at me."

The woman struggled, but the man's stronger nature conquered. She lifted her head, and their eyes met.

"Brandon has been here tonight, has he not?"

"Yes."

The word seemed dragged from her, but she kept looking at her husband as though he practised some mesmeric art upon her.

"He has been here within an hour from my coming home?"

"Yes."

"He told you to—to act as you have acted?"

"Yes." She was trembling either with fear or passion, but she spoke the words nevertheless.

"I see. You say you have no idea where Joyce is?"

"Yes; I swear before God that I do not know, that I have no suspicion."

She seemed to be glad to say this; perhaps it was because there was no penalty attached to it.

"And if you did know, you dare not tell me?"

"No. Oh, you coward, to bully a woman! Dare not tell you? I would rather die than tell you! I would rather see Joyce dead than under your influence!"

"And that was why, after I gave orders that that man was not to come here again, you admitted him, and you promised to become his catspaw. It was not because you wanted to see Joyce; it was not because you wanted her back. It was because you wanted to find out if I had any clue, so that you might go and tell this fellow, who would use the knowledge against me. That is your sense of honour."

"It is not true," said the woman. "Whatever is told in confession is sacred. He could not divulge it."

"But even if I admitted that, he could act upon it. As for that man regarding anything as sacred, I could as soon believe that Judas Iscariot would regard anything sacred. The man who is capable of setting a wife against her husband, setting her to spy upon her husband, causing her to make traps for her husband, is capable of anything. But as it happened, there was no danger. Tell him that all these pretty schemes of his were useless, not simply because I saw through them, but because I have nothing to tell. I have no suspicion where Joyce is; but if I had, you may be assured that I should tell neither him nor you."

The woman cowered in her chair; she was at this time not only afraid of the priest, she was afraid of her husband.

"You asked me where I had been dining tonight, and with whom," he went on. "There was no need for Brandon has told you. What has he told you besides?"

"I shall not tell you; bully me as much as you like, but I will not tell you."

"Ritzoom has been here also."

"No, he has not. Now, then, I will not answer another question."

She arose and left the room, while Walter Raymond thought

over all that had taken place. For a long time he sat alone reviewing the past years.

"God forgive me for speaking to a woman as I have spoken to her," he said; "but it seems as though this ghastly business has made it necessary."

The next morning, after Walter Raymond had gone to business, his wife made her way to Father Brandon's church. There were very few who came to confession, and Mrs. Raymond spent a long time with him.

"It is a pity you were not more guarded," the priest said when they separated. "If you could have regained his confidence, you might help us greatly. Still, you were sorely tried, and you have acted as a faithful child of the Church. You will have your reward for your faithfulness."

"I find it very hard," said Mrs. Raymond.

"What do you find hard?"

"Hard to oppose his will. He was so kind and good for many years, and he sacrificed everything for me—everything. He might be one of the richest men in the country but for me, and he gave up all. Besides—oh, I do long to see my child!"

"This is a temptation of the Devil, my daughter. 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me'—that is, the Church, which represents Him—'is not worthy of Me.' Go in peace, my daughter."

A few days later Harrington came to Walter Raymond's office.

"We are on the right track," he said.

"How?"

"Signore Volpe says he has discovered who the man is who employs Miss Robinson. He says he will let us have all particulars as to where he lives, and our chances of seeing him, by tomorrow."

"Thank God!" said Walter Raymond.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAW IN RELATION TO CONVENTS.

While Signore Volpe had made no vain boast in saying that he had discovered the identity of the man whose face Ned Harrington had so faithfully sketched, it seemed as though the fates had willed that his discovery should end in nothing. It turned out that Mr. Varcoe was an Australian, that he had taken a furnished house on the river for three months, and that on the expiration of that time had left the neighborhood of Henley, and had gone no one knew whither. He had seen no society during his stay at Henley, and no one had any intimate knowledge of him. He received but few letters, and had given no instaructions concerning the forwarding of any which might come for him, save to leave word at the Post Office that if anyone should come asking for letters, and bearing his authority, they were to be handed up. It was believed that he had gone on the Continent, but no one had any certain knowledge.

In answer to the inquiry whether the governess and children had gone with Mr. and Mrs. Varcoe, they received no satisfactory answer. All the servants, save one, were strangers to the neighborhood, and they had left the neighborhood when Mr. Varcie left the house. This one was a charing woman, who lived at a village close by, and believed that the governess and the children had gone to

some seaside place, while Mr. and Mrs. Varcoe had gone abroad; but her answers were anthing but satisfactory. All inquiries ended in failure, and thus it came about that a month after Walter Raymond and Harrington met the Jesuit priests at the fashionable restaurant in London, they were no nearer discovery than they had been on the day that Joyce left home.

All that human ingenuity, spurred on by a great love, could do was done. Ned Harrington even went to Avington, on the off-chance that there might be a shadow of truth in Father Ritzoom's story; but, as may be imagined, nothing resulted from his visit. All along the line the priests were victorious. Neither father nor lover could find the slightest vestige of a clue to Joyce's whereabouts. She had disappeared from them as completely as if the earth had opened and had swallowed her up.

Sometimes Walter Raymond felt that he was going mad. As the months passed by, his heart longed more than ever for his child, and as no news concerning her reached him, it seemed as though there was no ray of hope anywhere.

"Did you read the debate in the House of Commons last night?" asked Ned Harrington one day.

"What debate?"

"On the conventual system."

"I tried to; but I grew so angry that I had to give it up. Why, we are more under priestly dominion here than if we were in Spain."

"We are a free country, you see."

"Free country, but free to whom? These Papists are free to do what they will; but we have no freedom at all."

"The Bill was shelved."

"Yes, and why? It's the old story. The Government was afraid of the Irish, backed up as the are by the priests; and English members of Parliament tamely submitted. We are supposed to live in a Protestant country, where only about one in thirteen or one in fourteen of the population are Papists, and yet they dictate our policy. They decide what shall and what shall not be done. Let conventual institutions of every sort be open to inspection, let them be carried on in the broad light of day, is the demand; but no! The priest says it was not be. Let there be examination of other institutions, but not conventual, and yet these same places have the blackest history on record. If they were under proper supervision we could go and demand to see every inmate, we could investigate fully; but as it is we can do nothing. And Parliament tamely submits. It would be committing sacrilege, they say, and yet, perhaps, my little Joyce is kept in one of them against her will. It may be she is cruelly treated, subjected to all sorts of sufferings, her mind biassed, her life destroyed; and yet we can do nothing, nothing."

"Did you notice that Irish member's plea? 'If they are to be open to examination,' he says, 'let the examiners be men, but don't let them be women.' Don't you see the meaning of this? Women could demand to go into every room, every place, but with men this would be impossible. If the Mother Superior desired to keep anything secret from a man, if there was a certain cell she desired to remain closed, she would tell him that a nun was there, that she was engaged in occupations which would make it impossible for a man to investigate. But there it is. The Bill is indefinitely shelved, and the priest can stand at the door of these institutions and say,

'No admission!' Thus, although we are morally certain that Joyce is in one of them, we have no means of discovering which."

"Do you know that she is twenty-one next month?" asked Raymond.

"Know? The fact has haunted me. Just think, my friend, in a month from now you will have no legal control over her. Even if you find out where she is, you will have no right to see her, no right to demand her freedom. Besides," and Harrington's face became pale as he uttered the words, "she might die in one of those places, and no one be the wiser. These conventual authorities are in such a position that they can defy the burial laws. Of course, they are supposed to have a doctor's certificate in case of death; but in many cases, as it has been fairly well proved, they have dispensed with them, and their victims have been buried, unknown to the world. I tell you my heart sinks as I think of it all."

"I say, Ned, don't mention such a thing."

"It haunts me, my friend—literally haunts me. She may be dying now, dying of starvation or cruelty, as other nuns have died. She may be buried in secret, and we may never know anything about it. The doors of these places are closed. We have no right of admission. If they were open to inspection we could have obtained the name and history of every inmate of every one of them long since, and what we are suffering now would be impossible. But as it is, we are helpless. She may be within a mile of us now; she may be longing to come to us, and yet she is as much in prison as if she were in Wandsworth Gaol. Of course, these Mother Superiors talk pleasantly with us when we visit them; they seem the most obliging and charming people under heaven; and yet all the time those under their control may be suffering slow torture. My God, Raymond, I can't sleep at nights for thinking of it! For the first year I was hopeful; but these last few months I begin to be afraid. But one thing I mean to do. I will go into Parliament—I have just received an invitation to stand for a division in Devonshire—and when I get in, I will not rest until this wrong is righted."

"But in the meantime, Ned—in the meantime?"

"I have two or three clues. They are very slight, and perhaps mean nothing, but I must investigate them; we cannot leave any stone unturned."

The case was indeed black, and both Harrington and Raymond were at their wits' end. In less than a month Joyce would be twenty-one years of age, and then she would no longer be under legal control, even if they found her. Besides, both of them knew that the life of a nunnery would make her more and more afraid of doing anything which should even suggest independence of will.

Some days after the conversation we have recorded, Mrs. Raymond received a visit from Father Brandon. He stayed in the house only a few minutes, but when he left Mrs. Raymond looked very troubled. Nay, more, it was evident that the purport of the priest's visit was of a momentous nature, for a look amounting to terror was in the woman's eyes.

"If I had known," she said to herself, "I would have prevented her going, instead of encouraging her to go. I am never allowed to receive a message from her, I am not given the slightest hint as to where she is, and yet I am ordered to send her messages through Father Brandon, telling her it is my desire that she should never

think of him. Besides, what is the meaning of Father Brandon's visit today? No; I have [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and I [illegible] thought it would [illegible]

After that, she sat for a [illegible] thinking [illegible] [illegible] the point. Upon [illegible] [illegible] have to obey his commands.

On the next morning Mrs. Raymond got up [illegible] the first to go to the door on hearing the postman. [illegible] examined all letters and their postmarks with [illegible] morning, however, after examining the letters she gave a sigh of relief as to what she dreaded to come was still delayed. She never went out of the house, save to an hour at a time, and was always at home when the postman arrived.

One afternoon she was sitting alone, when she heard the familiar double knock.

"Don't trouble, Jane," she said to the servant, who was on her way to the door, "I will go." Jane, whose sweetheart was gone to live in another part of London, and from whom she expected a letter, was rather annoyed at this, because she felt rather sensitive about anyone seeing her lover's handwriting, but she said, "Very well, m'dam," and then wondered why the "missis was so terribly particular like about the postman."

There was only one letter, and Mrs. Raymond examined the postmark eagerly.

"Rothertown," she said in a hoarse whisper, and then she hurried back to the dining-room.

She examined the postmark again, then she eagerly examined the handwriting.

"Rothertown," she whispered again, and then looked fearfully around.

It was a familiar name to her, for it was the name of the little town wherein she was born and reared. It was the town where Walter's father lived, the town where her own parents lieyd. But the handwriting was strange, and she wondered who had written. The letter was not addressed to her, but to her husband. She remembered what Father Brandon had told her, and then she examined the letter again. It was a business letter, she felt sure it was. The envelope was not shaped like those ordinarily used for friendly correspondence. It was long and narrow, and the bluish paper suggested the professional man.

Again she looked anxiously around, and then she went noiselessly towards the door and locked it. But she was evidently dissatisfied with her action, for she immediately unlocked the door, and then went upstairs.

"She can't think it strange if I lock my bedroom door," she said as she turned the key, and then she examined the letter again. For a moment she seemed in doubt as to what she should do next, but presently a look of determination came into her eyes. Going to a cupboard, she took out a little spirit-lamp and a small kettle. A minute later a steady stream of flame came from the lamp, and after she had poured some water in the kettle, she placed it on the lamp.

Furtively, she walked to the door and listened. She could hear the servant at work in the kitchen, and she knew there was no one else in the house. She looked at her watch. It was three o'clock, and Madaline and Rachel would not be home from school for more than an hour.

Presently the kettle boiled.

Lifting the cover, she placed the letter over the steam and watched while the paper softened. She felt like a culprit as she did this; she felt degraded in her own eyes. It was a trick often resorted to by dishonest and unscrupulous persons, but she did not hesitate. Her hand trembled as she unfastened the letter, and she looked fearfully around the room; but she took the letter from the envelope.

There was a time when she opened her husband's letter without hesitation. So great was the truth and the confidence between them she read all the letters saddressed to him which came to their private address and not to Walter's office, just as she read her own. Walter quite understood this, and never resented it; but everything had changed since then. The old trust had gone, and to read one of his letters now was forbidden.

When she saw the heading of the letter, her heart almost stood still. It came from the most respected firm of solicitors in Rothertown, the partners of which refused to have any communication with her father.

DEAR SIR (she read),—

It is our painful duty to inform you that your father died at two o'clock this morning. Arrangements are being made for his funeral to take place on Monday morning at eleven o'clock. Naturally, as you are his only surviving child, we assume that you will desire to be present. Moreover, as your eldest daughter Joyce will very considerably benefit by the will of the late deceased gentleman, and as we understand that she is at school on the Continent, we would suggest that you communicate with her immediately. In any case, we should be glad if you would send us her address, so that we shall be in a position to write to her should necessity occur.—We are, dear sir,

Your obedient servants,

WILLIAMS AND JORDAN,

Solicitors.

She read the letter many times, as if she wished to impress it on her memory; but there was no need. She knew every word of its contents after the first reading. Every letter seemed to have buried itself upon the tablets of her memory.

For half an hour she remained in her room, making neither sound nor motion; then she put on her bonnet and cloak, and went out, taking the letter with her. A few minutes later she was in the house of Father Brandon. The priest's face was eager and watchful, the woman's pale as death.

"You have something to tell me?" he said.

"A letter has come from Rothertown," she replied almost sullenly.

"Ah, yes. You have some news from there?"

"My husband's father is dead."

The priest did not seem at all surprised. It might have been news for which he was waiting. Perhaps he knew of it before. He did not speak, but he looked steadily into the woman's face.

"Here is the letter," she said; "it is addressed to my husband, but——"

"I would rather not read it, Mrs. Raymond," he said. "Of

course, if you have anything to tell me, I will listen, but I would rather not see the letter."

"It is very short," she said; "it comes from Williams and Jordan, the lawyers who do all the best work in Rothertown."

Again she was silent, while a look of impatience came into the priest's eyes, but he did not speak. The woman, on the other hand, seemed to take a sort of sullen pleasure in keeping silent. He realised that she resented the power he had over her. For a time there seemed a battle of wills between thm, and the woman yielded.

"The letter says that old Mr. Raymond died at two o'clock this morning; thus it must have been despatched by the first post today."

"Postal arrangements are very good," said the priest.

"It also says that the funeral is to take place on Monday morning next, and suggests that Walter should come down."

The priest kept on looking at her, but he asked no questions.

"It also asks for Joyce's address, and says that she will considerably benefit by the provisions of the will."

"Ah!"

A pleased look came into his eyes, and the way he uttered the word seemed to suggest a sigh of relief. But the woman remained silent.

"You read the letter very carefully?" said the priest presently.

"Yes."

"More than once, I expect?"

"Yes."

"You have a good memory, I think. Perhaps you would like to recite it to me, word for word."

"Do you wish me to do so?"

"I think it might relieve your mind, and naturally I ought to know everything that affects your daughter."

She recited the letter word for word.

"And that is all?"

"That is all."

"No postscript, no 'N. B.' of any sort?"

"Had you not better read it? Here it is."

"Oh, no, no. I would rather not. Besides, I am sure you have told me everything."

"What will become of Joyce now?" She asked the question almost angrily, but the priest never moved a muscle of his face.

"I can assure you, my child, that your daughter has removed all doubts as to her having a vocation for the holy life."

"But this money?"

"She will not need it. As a nun, she will want nothing. Her Order provides for everything, everything, my child."

"Then the money will come to her father?"

"Oh, no, I think not. Nothing is certain of course; but if she has anything she will naturally bestow her dowry upon the Church, which in return gives her a home—a home for the body, a home for the soul. Besides, it may only be a trifle. As you know, she was taken without a dowry, so great was our desire to save her. Now, if a trifle comes to her, she will naturally rejoice, as you will naturally rejoice, my daughter, to know that that trifle will be used for the propagation of the faith. As you know, it has been your one great sorrow that you had nothing but yourself and your children to give to the Church; now, if there is any truth in this,

you will rejoice to know that this little heritage will go towards the help of your most cherished cause."

"He said 'considerable benefit,'" said Mrs. Raymond.

"A lawyer's expression, my child. Of course, it may mean very little. But how wondrous are the workings of Providence! Your husband's father has hated us all his life; hated everything that has had to do with the Church, and now it seems that, in spite of himself, he will be forwarding our cause."

"And now I can fasten this up and place it on the mantelpiece so that Mr. Raymond can get it when he returns," she said.

"Let me think a minute," said the priest. He looked at his watch, and then reflected.

"The letters bears today's date, doesn't it?" he asked, after a few seconds" hesitation.

"Yes."

"And, then, there is no reason for him to have it today. If he receives it tomorrow all will be well. Of course, no one has seen this letter but you?"

"No."

"Then the letter, being dated for today, he would think it quite natural if he received it tomorrow. In any case you will be at the church tonight?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see you about nine o'clock. In the meantime, it is not urgent that he receives the letter. You will excuse me now, I am sure, as I have an important engagement."

Mrs. Raymond left the house. There was still the same look of fear in her eyes; but a keen observer might have noticed an expression of avarice as well.

As for Father Brandon, he walked to the nearest cab-stand, and having given the cabman instructions, he sat back comfortably in the vehicle and closed his eyes.

"I wonder what Ritzoom will say?" he said to himself as the cab rolled swiftly along.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Baptist Preacher's Survey of the Roman Catholic System

(Continued from the December issue)

St. Thomas Aquinas likewise says: "Though heretics must not be tolerated because they deserve it, we must bear with them till by a second admonition they may be brought back to the faith of the Church; but those who, after a second admonition, remain obstinate in their errors, must not only be excommunicated, but they must be delivered to the secular powers to be exterminated."

If the claim should be made that these are all ancient facts and authorities, and that the Catholics of today do not hold such views, our answer is at hand. Rome does not change, and the very latest writers of Rome make this claim.

Pius IX. says: "The Church has the right to avail itself of force, and to use the temporal power for that purpose." (Pius IX. Encyclical 24.)

Cardinal Manning says: "That neither the Church nor the State, whensoever they are united on the true basis of divine right, have any cognizance of tolerance. * * * The Church has the right, in virtue of her divine commission, to require of every one to accept her doctrine. Whoever obstinately refuses, or obstinately insists upon the election out of it of what is pleasing to himself is against her. But, were the Church to tolerate such an opponent, she must tolerate another. If she tolerate one sect, she must tolerate every sect, and thereby give herself up." (Essays on Religion and Literature, p. 403.)

Dr. O. A. Brownson says: "Protestantism of every form has not and never can have any right where Catholicity is triumphant." (*Catholic Review, 1857*). And again: "Heresy and infidelity have not, and never had, and never can have, any right, being, as they undeniably are, contrary to the law of God." (*Catholic Review*, Jan. 1852.)

M. Louis Venillot, a prominent French Catholic, says: "When there is a Protestant majority we claim religious liberty because such is their principle; but when we are in majority we refuse it, because that is ours."

Pius IX., in his encyclical letters, dated December 8, 1849, December 8, 1864, August 10, 1863, and in his allocution of December 9, 1864, says: "It is not without sorrow that we have learned another not less pernicious error, which has

[illegible] and in several parts of Catholic countries, and has been condemned by many Catholics, who are of the opinion that all those who are not of all members of the true Church of Christ can be saved.

Hence they often discuss the question concerning the future fate and condition of those who die without having professed the Catholic faith, and give the most frivolous reasons in support of their wicked opinion. It is indeed of faith, that no one can be saved outside the Apostolic Roman Church; that this Church is the one ark of salvation, that he who has not entered it will perish in the deluge.

"We therefore must mention and condemn again that most pernicious error which has been imbibed by certain Catholics, who are of the opinion that those people who live in error and have not the true faith, and are separated from Catholic unity, may obtain life everlasting."

Pope Pius IX. further states: "The Catholic religion, with all its votes, ought to be exclusively dominant in such sort, that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted."

The New York *Tablet* says: "They have, as Protestants, no authority in religion, and count for nothing in the Church of God. They have from God no right for propagandism, and religious liberty is in no case violated when the national authority closes their mouths and their places of holding forth."

The *Watchman*, St. Louis, says: "Protestantism! We would draw and quarter it. We would impale it and hang it up for crows' nests. We would tear it with pinchers and fire it with red irons. We would fill it with molten lead, and sink it in hell fire a hundred fathoms deep."

The State Must Execute the Will of Rome.

4. The State must be ready and willing to execute the will of the Catholic Church. The State is subordinate to the Church, and must become the executive power of the Church. Such is the claim of Rome. The Church is bound to respect no claim of the State, but the State is bound to accede to the claims of Rome.

Pope Innocent III., A. D. 1215, condemned every step taken to secure the Magna Charter and the document itself. He says: "We are not inclined to cloak the audacity of so great a display of malice, tending to contempt of the Holy See, and the detriment of regal rights and disgrace of the English nation, and serious danger to the whole affairs of the Crucified One, which would certainly be realized unless by our authority all things were revoked which had been extorted in such a way from so great a prince, now bearing the sign of a crusader, although he himself were willing to observe these engagements. We, on behalf of Almighty God,

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, also by the authority of his Apostles, Peter and Paul, and by our own, with the general advice of our brethren, reprobate and utterly condemn an agreement of this kind, prohibiting, under a threatened anathema, said king from presuming to keep it; and the barons, with their accomplices, from demanding that it should be observed. We completely annul and quash both the charter and the bonds or securities which have been given for its observance, that at no time they may have any validity." (Matt. Paris, A. D. 1215, p. 267).

Sixtus V., on the 22nd day of March, 1590, told Olivarez, the ambassador of Philip II., that: "The pope is appointed of God as the superior of every other sovereign." (Ranke's Hist. Popes, vol. 2, p. 28).

Innocent IV., in the Council of Lyons, July 16, 1245, issued a decree against Frederick, Emperor of Germany, in which he says: "We hold on earth the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ * * * and we do hereby declare the above named prince, who has rendered himself unworthy of the honors of sovereignty, and for his crimes has been deposed from his throne by God, to be bound by his sins, and cast off by the Lord, and deprived of all his honors, and we do hereby sentence and deprive him, and all who are in any way bound to him by an oath of allegiance, we forever absolve and release from that oath, and by the apostolic authority, strictly forbid any one from obeying him, or in any way whatever attempting to obey him as emperor or king; and we decree that any who shall henceforth give him assistance or advice, or show favor to him as emperor or king, shall be ipso facto excommunicated; and those in the empire upon whom the election of an emperor devolves, may freely elect a successor in his place." (Matt. Paris, A. D. 1245).

Gregory VII. presents the claims of the pope in the boldest light. He says: "Go to, therefore, most holy princes of the apostles, and what I said, by interposing your authority, confirm; that all men may now at length understand, if ye can bind and loose in heaven, that ye also can upon earth take away and give empires, kingdoms, and whatsoever mortal can have; for, if ye can judge things belonging unto God, what is to be deemed concerning these inferior and profane things? And if it is your part to judge angels, who govern proud princes, what becometh it you to do toward servants? Let kings, now, and all secular princes, learn, by this man's example, what ye can do in heaven, and in what esteem ye are with God; and let them henceforth fear to slight the commands of holy Church; but put forth suddenly this judgment, that all men may understand that, not casually, but by your means, this son of iniquity doth fall from his kingdom." And, further: "That royal authority is ordained of God, and should remain within its proper limits, subordinate to the

papal power, which is sovereign over all." (Pope's Supremacy, p. 7).

A very significant letter from Pius IX. was found on Maximilian, the Emperor of Mexico, when he was shot. It reads as follows: "Your majesty is well aware that in order effectually to repair the evils occasioned by the revolution, and to bring back, as soon as possible, happy days for the Church, the Catholic religion must, above all things, continue to be the glory and the mainstay of the Mexican nation, to the exclusion of every other dissenting worship; that the bishops must be perfectly free in the exercise of their pastoral ministry; and the religious orders should be reestablished or reorganized, conformable with the instructions and the powers which we have given; that the patrimony of the Church, and the rights which attach to it, may be maintained and protected; that no person may obtain the faculty of teaching and publishing false and subversive tenets; that instruction, whether public or private, should be directed and watched over by the ecclesiastical authority; and that, in short, the chains may be broken which, up to the present time, have held down the Church in a state of dependence, and subject to the arbitrary rule of the civil government. (Appleton's Annual Cyclopaedia, 1865, p. 749.)

Another fact that will show the living hatred of Rome to all who will not bow to her authority. I subscribe the awful curse pronounced by Pope Pius IX. upon Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy: "By authority of the Almighty God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and of the Holy Canons, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother and nurse of our Saviour: and of the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers cherubim and seraphim, and of all the holy patriarchs and prophets: and of the apostles and evangelists; and of the holy innocents, who, in the sight of the Holy Lamb, are found worthy to sing the new song; and of the holy martyrs and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of the saints, together with all the holy and elect of God; we excommunicate and anathematize him, and from the threshold of the holy Church of God Almighty we sequester him, that he may be tormented in eternal excruciating sufferings, together with Dathan and Abiram, and those who say to the Lord God, 'Depart from us; we desire none of thy ways.' And as fire is quenched by water, so let the light of him be put out forevermore. May the Son who suffered for us, curse him. May the Father who created man, curse him. May the Holy Ghost which was given to us in our baptism, curse him. May the Holy Cross which Christ, for our salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended, curse him. May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, curse him. May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, curse him. May all the angels and archangels, principalities and powers,

and all the heavenly armies, curse him. May St. John, the precursor, and St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. John the Baptist, and St. Andrew, and all other Christ's apostles, together curse him. And may the rest of his disciples and four evangelists, who, by their preaching, converted the universal world—and may the holy and wonderful company of martyrs and confessors, who by their holy work are found pleading to God Almighty—curse him. May the Choir of the Holy Virgins, who for the honor of Christ have despised the things of this world, damn him. May all the saints who from the beginning of the world, and everlasting ages are found to be beloved of God, damn him. May the heavens and the earth, and all things remaining therein, damn him.

"May he be damned wherever he may be; whether in the house or in the field, whether in the highway or in the byway, whether in the wood or in the water, or whether in the church. May he be cursed in living and dying, in eating and drinking, in fasting and thirsting, in slumbering and sleeping, in watching or walking, in standing or sitting, in lying down or walking mingendo cancando, and in all bloodletting. May he be cursed in all the faculties of his body. May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly. May he be cursed in his hair. May he be cursed in his beain. May he be cuesed in the crown of his head and in his temples. In his forehead and in his ears. In his eyebrows and in his cheeks. In his jawbones and his nostrils. In his foreteeth and in his grinders. In his lips and in his throat. In his shoulders and in his wrists. In his arms, his hands, and his fingers. May he be damned in his mouth, in his breast, in his heart, and in all the viscera of his body. May he be damned in his veins and in his groin; in his thighs; in his hips and in his knees; in his legs, feet and toe nails.

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his body. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot may there be no soundness in him. May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of His Majesty, curse him; and may heaven, with all the powers that move therein, rise up against him, curse him and damn him! Amen! So let it be! Amen."

Rome has always denied that statement that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Here it is in a decree of the council of Constance, A. D. 1414: "The holy council declares that no safe conduct given by the emperor, by kings, or by other secular princes, to heretics, or reputed heretics, thinking thereby to reclaim them from their errors, however binding the instrument may be considered, shall be of any force, or ought to be, to the prejudice or hindrance of the Catholic faith, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction: so as to prevent the proper ecclesiastical judge from inquiring into the error of the party, and otherwise proceeding against them, as justice may require, should they obstinately refuse to renounce their errors;

although they may have come to the place of trial, relying on the said safe-conduct, and otherwise would not have come. Nor shall he who gave the safe-conduct continue to be bound thereby in any respect, seeing that he has done all that is in his power."

Bellarmine declared: "There is no other remedy for the evil but to put heretics to death."

Cardinal Manning, speaking in the name of the pope, says: "I acknowledge no civil power; I am the subject of no prince; and I claim more than this: I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men."

Brownson says in his *Review* for June, 1851: The power of the Church exercised over sovereigns in the middle ages was not a usurpation, was not derived from the concessions of princes or the consent of the people, but was and is held by divine right, and who so resists it rebels against the King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

The Inquisition.

5. The Inquisition is a standing memorial of the hatred of Catholics toward Protestants. It was established by Pope Innocent III., and the measures proposed by him were revised by the Council of Toulouse, in 1229. It is claimed that, directly or indirectly, fifty millions of people lost their lives by the Inquisition. I have no words which can describe this diabolical spiritual court of infamy.

Voltaire, in speaking of the inquisitors, says: "Their form of proceeding is an infallible way to destroy whomsoever the inquisitors wish. The prisoners are not confronted with the accuser or informer. Nor is there any informer or witness who is not listened to. A public convict, a notorious malefactor, an infamous person, a common prostitute, a child, are in the holy office, though nowhere else, credible accusers and witnesses. Even the son may depose against his father, the wife against her husband." The wretched prisoner is no more made acquainted with his crime than with his accusers. His being told the one might possibly lead him to guess the other. To avoid this, he is compelled by tedious confinement in a noisome dungeon, where he never sees a face but the jailer's, and is not permitted the use of either books or pen and ink, or, should confinement alone not be sufficient, he is compelled, by the most excruciating torture, to inform against himself, to discover and confess the crime laid to his charge, of which he is often ignorant. "This procedure," continues the historian, "unheard of till the institution of this court, makes the whole kingdom tremble. Suspicion reigns in every breast. Friendship and quietness are at an end. The brother dreads his brother, the father his son. Here taciturnity is become the characteristic of a nation, endured with all the vivacity natural to the inhabitants of a warm and fruitful climate. To this tribunal we must likewise impute that

profound ignorance of sound philosophy in which Spain lies buried, whilst Germany, England, France, and even Italy, have discovered so many truths, and enlarged the sphere of our knowledge. Never is human history so debased as where ignorance is armed with power." (Universal History, vol. 2, ch. cxviii).

No words can picture the horrors inflicted upon persons tortured. Llorete, formerly Secretary of the Inquisition, and Chancellor of the University of Toledo, Spain, says: "I shall not describe the different modes of torture employed by the Inquisition, as that has been done by many historians already; I shall only say that none of them can be accused of exaggeration." (Llorente's History of the Inquisition, p. 30.)

In this century we have evidence of diabolical cruelty. The historian of the Napoleonic wars, in describing the capture of Toledo, incidentally refers to the Inquisition in these words: "Graves seemed to open, and pale figures like ghosts issued from dungeons which emitted a sepulchral odor. Bushy beards hanging down over the breast, and nails grown like birds' claws, disfigured the skeletons, who with laboring bosoms, inhaled for the first time for a long series of years, the fresh air. Many of them were reduced to cripples, the head inclined forward and the arms and hands hanging down rigid and helpless. They had been confined in dens so low they could not rise up in them, and in spite of all the care of the [army] surgeons many of them expired the same day. On the following day General Lasalle minutely inspected the place, attended by several officers of his staff. The number of machines for torture thrilled even men inured to the battlefield with horror.

"In a recess in a subterranean vault, contiguous to the private hall for examinations, stood a wooden figure made by the hands of monks and representing the Virgin Mary. A gilded glory encompassed her head, and in her right hand she held a banner. It struck all at first sight a suspicious, that notwithstanding the silken robe, descending on each side in ample folds from her shoulders, she should wear a sort of cuirass. On closer scrutiny it appears that the fore part of the body was stuck full of extremely sharp nails and small, narrow knife blades, with the points of both turned toward the spectator. The arms and hands were jointed, and machinery behind the partition set the figure in motion. One of the servants of the Inquisition was compelled by command of the General to work the machine as he termed it. When the figure extended her arms, as though to press some one lovingly to her heart, the well filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier was made to supply the place of a living victim. The statue hugged it closer and closer, and when the attendant, agreeably to orders, made the figure unclasp her arms and return to her former position, the knapsack was perforated to the depth of two or three inches, and remained hang-

ing on the points of the nails and the knife blades."

The doors of the Inquisition were forced in Rome in 1849. I shall give what Father Gavazzi, the chaplain of the Roman army testified he saw: "He found in one of its prisons a furnace and the remains of a woman's dress; that everything combined to persuade him that it was used for horrible deaths, and to consume the bodies of victims of inquisitorial hate. He saw between the great hall of judgment and the apartment of the chief jailer a deep trap, a shaft opening into the vaults under the Inquisition. As soon as the prisoner confessed his offense, he was sent to the Father Commissary to receive a relaxation of his punishment. With the hope of pardon he approached the apartment of the holy inquisitor, but in the act of setting his foot at the entrance, the trap opened and the world of the living heard no more of him. He examined some of the matter in the pit below this trap, and he found it to be composed of common earth, rottenness, ashes and human hair, fetid to the smell and horrible to the sight of the beholder. He says popular fury reached its greatest height at the cells of St. Pius V. To reach them you must descend into the vaults by very narrow stairs, and along a corridor, equally cramped, you approach the separate cells, which for smallness and stench, are a hundred times more horrible than the dens of lions and tigers in the Coliseum. Looking around he discovered a cell full of skeletons without skulls, buried in lime. The skulls detached from the bodies had been collected in a hamper by the visitors. Those persons never died a natural death; they were doubtless immersed in a bath of slacked lime gradually filled up to their necks, the lime, by little and little, enclosed the sufferers or walled them up all alive. The torment was extreme, but slow. As the lime rose higher and higher, the respiration of the victims became more and more painful, because more difficult, so that, with the suffocation of the smoke and the anguish of a compressed breathing, they died in a manner most horrible and desperate. Some time after death the heads would naturally separate from their bodies and roll away into the hollows left by the shrinking of the lime. So great are the atrocities of the Inquisition that they would more than suffice to arouse the detestation of a thousand worlds." He adds: "The Roman Inquisition is under the shadow of the Vatican palace, and its prefect is the pope in person." (Rule's History of the Inquisition, pp. 430, 431.)

Roman Catholics have offered rewards to those who have killed heretics. This is recommended by the Canon Law of the Catholic Church. It says: "'The execution of papal commands for the persecution of heretics causes remission of sins." I will give one illustration of this law. In the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the messenger who brought the news to Rome, received from Cardinal Lorraine 1,000 crowns, and the priests went wild with joy.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

ARTHUR BRISBANE, my distinguished friend, still edits the Hearst publications—consisting of newspapers, magazines, books, German lies, etc.—and continues to enjoy the largest salary that any editor ever drew. He writes things, occasionally, which grieve me very much; but *that* is likely to happen to the brainiest of men, if they venture into subjects unfamiliar to them.

For example, when my high-salaried friend alleged that the Negro had evolved a glorious civilization in Egypt, at a time when my honored ancestors were eating raw beef, raw hogs, raw turnips, raw beets, and other raw vegetables, in the woods of Northern Europe, I felt constrained to file an indignant protest.

It became my racial duty to demonstrate that, whenever and wherever the Negro appeared in Egyptian history, he had a rope around his neck, and was being towed to useful, but menial labor, by the great white race which built the Pyramids, founded Thebes, erected the Temple of Karnak, dug the original Suez Canal, and painted their historic records upon the monuments and the tomb-walls, where the colors and the hieroglyphics now edify all mankind—excepting, of course, Arthur Brisbane, Hamilton Holt, Garrison Villard, Louis Post, Walter Pulitzer, Lyman Abbott, Adolph Ochs, and a few others.

Did I not feel called upon to set my friend Brisbane right, in the matter of the "Prisoner of the Vatican," also? I did; as you well remember.

The eminent editor—who had wantonly accused my honored ancestors of devouring raw human meat and drinking warm human blood, at a time when the Ethiopian and the leopard had both changed their skins, and were carrying things with a high hand in Egypt—rashly affirmed that the pope was a prisoner; and created the impression that he—the Papa—slept on a miserable mattress of straw, and had his bread and water handed in to him, through the bars of the door.

With a sense of melancholy, and a certain degree of hopelessness, I endeavored to convince my talented friend, Brisbane, that Papa was just as free to go out and buy a railroad ticket, and travel on it, as I am.

If I thought it would at all mend the ways of my distinguished brother, Brisbane, to give him the very date of the month, and the year, when the sly Cardinal Antonelli stopped Pope Pius IX., on his way to his waiting carriage, and prevailed upon Papa not to go out riding—as per his daily custom—but to shut himself up within the Vatican grounds, and pose before the Catholic world, *as a prisoner*: if I truly believed that my wonderfully gifted friend Brisbane could be convinced of his errors and reformed, I would gladsomely furnish him *the evidence*.

But I am very much afraid that my eminent brother dares not ruffle the feathers and feelings of Cardinal Farley's gangs in New York; and I beg to lay before you an extract from one of Brother B.'s recent editorials, which proves that the fable of "the Vatican prisoner" is not the extreme limit of Brisbane's capacity for assimilating fiction.

Brisbane says—"How long will human beings, able to read, write, and think, permit this ridiculous monstrosity of *kingship* to endure?

This picture of the common-place aristocrat about to rule over millions reminds you of Voltaire's saying that the great, persistent power of the Catholic Church is not to be wondered at.

Monarchies opposing the church were ruled by *accidents of birth*.

The church *always* selected *the ablest man* for pope.

And the pope *ruled*."

(1.) The mere length of time that any system can exist proves little, beyond the sagacity with which it was *organized*. The genius for organization is far greater than the genius for originality of ideas.

Pagan mythology was so well organized, and so inseparably connected with the life of the State, that it continued for thousands of years, *after* the intelligence of educated people laughed at it.

When Julius Cæsar was appointed to be the Roman pope, he and Cicero both smiled; but both of them continued to be good pagans, so far as *conformity* went.

The Buddhist organization is hundreds of years older than Christianity, and so is that of Confucianism.

Age therefore proves nothing, else it would prove the divinity of *the kingship*. As we all know, every tribe which had a chief, yielded to the principle of royalty. When the chieftainship was made hereditary in the same family, the kingship became established.

The very word *king* originally meant "the ablest man." The word *pope*, never did.

(2.) The next time Mr. Brisbane pretends to quote Voltaire, let him cite the book and the page.

If Voltaire ever wrote so silly a statement as Brisbane affects to quote, tell us where. I do not believe he ever wrote anything of the kind, because no one knew better than Voltaire how many scores of feeble popes there had been, and how many abject surrenders the papacy had made to kings who could not be terrorized by Vatican clamors.

Originally, the kingship was not a "ridiculous monstrosity." On the contrary, its office was vastly beneficial, since the human race needs the able man, *the leader*.

Without the guidance and control of the ablest man, the civilized and orderly state might not have come into being.

The Bible does not condemn the kingship, as a "monstrosity:" it condemns *the bad man* who abuses the royal office. Neither the Old nor the New Testament says a word against monarchy: both Testaments recognize it as a natural order of society. Christ himself rendered allegiance and tribute to Cæsar.

Would Moses, Jeremiah, Ezra, Christ, and Paul have been basely acquiescent in a system of secular government which is, *in itself*, a "ridiculous monstrosity?"

You cannot believe it.

What Mr. Brisbane believes, is not necessarily material: nor is his real belief necessarily the same as what he writes for Mr. Hearst.

(3.) The worst monarchies that ever cursed humanity, were those that were most closely allied to popes.

Since God created man, there was never such hideous abuses of governmental power, as were inflicted upon overawed Christendom during the Dark and Middle Ages, when the popes arrogantly claimed and received from servile kings a pontifical permission to live and reign.

In that period of total eclipse, a besotted monk burned the Imperial library of the Cæsars, closed the schools, and drove Letters out of Europe to find shelter in Constantinople and Bagdad.

In that period of a thousand years, *the Bible was lost to the human race.*

That was the period when the classics of Greece and Rome were erased, in order that the priests might use the parchment to perpetuate the miracles of Saint Bridget, Saint Rita, Saint Hannah Maria, Saint Rebecca Jane, and Saint Susan Duzanberry.

That was the period when the pope condemned a horse to death because it could follow its master up stairs: indubitably, such a horse was a wicked wizard, disguised as a quarruped, for the ruin of Christians.

The owner of the horse was named Banks: he and the horse were both born in England: they went to Rome, to make a show of what the horse

could do; *and Pope Paul V. had them both burnt.*

The papal idea seemed to be, that Banks had enchanted the horse; and consequently, the pope held them to be accomplices in the Black Art. This event happened in the year 1609, at the time when Jamestown, Virginia, was about to be colonized by Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, and other progenitors of the Bolling family.

(4.) Did the church always select the ablest man? And did the church always rule?

There was no such institution as a Christian papacy at the time when Constantine the Great took the church into favor. He and his immediate successors continued to hold the pagan office of Pontifex Maximus, as Julius Cæsar had done. Not until the time of the ignorant Spaniard, Theodosius the Great, was there a recognized supreme bishop at Rome.

It was from Charlemagne and his father, Pepin, that the Bishop of Rome begged help, against the Lombard conquerors; and it was from them that the so-called Patrimony of St. Peter was derived. The alleged "Donation of Constantine" was an impudent forgery, never heard of until later centuries.

Charlemagne dominated the church, and the popes were his dutiful vassals; but under his imbecile son, and his quarrelling grand-sons, the popes had opportunities *to encroach.* After awhile, the Emperors ceased to claim the right to rule the pope; and, in course of time, the pope claimed the right to rule the emperors.

Here was the source of the fierce, bloody, and perpetual wars of the Dark and Middle Ages.

If the temporal ruler happened to be a weakling, he knuckled to Rome: if, however, he was *a man*, there was a fight. Sometimes the pope would win, and sometimes the monarch.

In the long run, the popes lost. Gradually, the State rose *above* the Church, and there it now stands.

Mr. Brisbane may be willing to reverse this order, and to put the priest back on the pinnacle of supreme power.

(5.) "The church always elected the ablest man." *Did it?*

There have been nearly 300 of these alleged popes, each "the ablest man:" how many of them do the Catholics remember?

There was Leo the Great, who burned every library he could discover, and who proclaimed the noble adage—"*Ignorance is the mother of devotion.*"

There was Boniface VIII., who decreed that no one could be saved outside the Roman church, and who declared that all kings were subjects to the pope. In an evil hour, he collided with "the ablest man" of his day—King Philip the Fair—and went down in ignominious defeat, to die of rage and shame.

There was Hildebrand, the redoubtable Gregory VII., who said that the pope was the sun, and the king but the moon; and that the State must render obedience to the church.

He compelled the German emperor to crawl at his feet, humiliated the civil power by that celebrated scene at Canossa—where a pope, swelling with pride, feasted with his mistress inside the castle, while the forlorn, excommunicated Henry IV. stood in the snow, three days, outside the gate.

That was the climax!

The pope had gone too far. Pride had prepared his fall. The reaction set in; for the shamed Emperor returned to Germany, full of intense resentment. It was not so very long before the pope was fleeing for his life from Rome, as the imperial troops sought vengeance.

A striking example of "the ablest man," was named Pope *Joan.* During a Holy Procession in Rome, she was prematurely overtaken by the pains of child-birth, and was delivered in the street, in much the same way as the nun in the Western department store, three years ago.

Another "ablest man," Leo X., was so prodigal with papal finances, and so ravenously fond of fine women, that he overdid the sale of pardons for sins,

thereby coming into a head-on collision with Martin Luther, and losing one-half of Christendom.

Pope Clement VII. was the timorous slave of the Emperor Charles V., whose army sacked Rome, and held the pope a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. Pope Alexander VII. was so afraid of Louis XIV. of France that he got on his knees to him, by an abject apology, and the erection of a monument in Rome to commemorate his own humiliation.

Pope Pius VII. was a helpless puppet in Napoleon's hands, as long as Napoleon's power remained unbroken.

(6.) "The church always selected the ablest man for pope." *Did it?*

Often, there were *two* popes: twice, there were *three*: who was *then* the ablest man?

For seventy years, the popes lived in France, obedient to French kings: who was *then* the ablest man?

Pope John XII. was *a boy, twelve years old*: who was then the ablest man?

In the "Lives of the Popes," we read the following paragraph about a woman, named Marozia:

"This execrable woman . . . became tired of her husband, and entered into a sacrilegious commerce with Pope John X. She became jealous of the pontiff, and to revenge herself on him *for his intercourse with her mother and sisters*, she resolved to assassinate him, and forced her husband to commit the crime."

This pope, this "ablest man," was taken in the midst of his debaucheries, and was smothered between two mattresses.

Pope John XI. was *a youth of eighteen* years, the son of the harlot, Marozia, by the infallible Pope, Sergius III.: and, according to standard authorities, this licentious young pope lived incestuously with his own mother. At the age of 23, this ablest man, "selected by the church," died of utter exhaustion, so great had been his sensual excesses.

Pope John XII. is believed to have been the son of his elder brother, the same execrable woman having been the mother of both; and, after having been once deposed, on account of his unspeakable vices, was restored to the "Chair of Peter," and was slain by an outraged husband who caught this ablest man in bed with the slayer's wife.

In the list of nearly 300 popes, can Mr. Brisbane find a dozen who come up to his measure of "the ablest man?"

I invite him to name them!

No pope ventured to oppose such monarchs as Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Edward I., Edward III., Louis XI., Henry IV., Louis XIV., Charles V., Joseph II., William III., William Rufus, and the three Georges of England, I., II., and III.

There were popes who made trials of strength with Frederick II., Philip the Fair, William the Silent, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and Oliver Cromwell, but those popes got the worst of it.

Let us not forget pope Pius IX. and his trial of strength with Garibaldi, Cavour, Mazzini, and Victor Emmanuel.

When Pius IX. was on his last legs, as temporal King of Italy, he wrote to the Protestant King of Prussia, begging that a Prussian army be sent to crush the Italian Catholics, who were determined to put an end to the abominations of pope-rule.

Bismarck held the letter back until it was too late for William I. to intervene; and so the papal monarchy fell.

Whom did the successors of Pius *rule?* What nation was "ruled" by Leo XIII., and Pius X.? They lost France, Portugal, the Philippines, and came near losing poor old Spain.

What nation is being ruled by little Jimmie Church, the present Papa?

Is he "the ablest man" of the day?

To me, his appearance is like that of a cork, rising and falling, with the waves of Jesuit intrigue and of international convulsion.

Another fair sample of how the pope's American slave-drivers get the

benefit of Protestant labor without paying for it, and of how they violate Protestant laws without being punished for it, may be gathered from a news-story in the Dallas Tex. Dispatch of Dec. 20, 1916:

WHO WILL PAY HER HOSPITAL BILL AND LET GIRL GO HOME?

Who wants to rescue a woman confined against her will as personal security for debt?

There is an excellent opportunity for someone charitably inclined to bring Christmas cheer to a young girl so held at St. Paul's sanitarium.

She has wanted to leave the hospital for nearly a week. However, there is an unpaid hospital bill, and those in charge will not release her until it is defrayed.

The girl has neither relatives nor financial resources. Five weeks ago she became violently ill. Only an operation could save her life, physicians said. So friends with whom she had resided bundled her off to St. Pauls and ordered treatment necessary to save her. When asked if the patient was able to pay the costs, they said funds would be raised in some way or another.

Then there came a period of suffering. Science conquered, however, and she gradully regained her health. After four weeks, Dr. W. W. Samuell pronounced her condition sufficiently improved to leave the sanitarium. That was last week.

She is still there. When she attempted to leave, she was restrained and presented with a bill for $50—operating room fees and hospital attendance.

Friends who took her there had been unable to accumulate her ransom.

"Yes, she wants to leave, and is able to," said a sister when questioned yesterday. **"But we can't let her go till the bill is paid."**

"When she was brought here we were given assurance that it would be taken care of. Whoever it was that agreed to pay must do so **before we can let her leave.**

"Of course if it had been understood in the first place that she was a charity patient we would have been more than glad to take care of her. We have many charity patients. **Really it does her no harm to be here under our care, anyway."**

What do "we" care about the Supreme Law of the Union, and the highest law in Texas?

What do "we" care about the personal freedom of Americans, under American laws?

Such papal dupes as "we," get our law from an Italian impostor, living in Rome, and pretending to be "God on earth."

Such papal subjects as "we," think nothing of violating the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Such as "we," are secure in our strong-walled, law-defying hell-holes. The State dares not inspect us, prosecute us, and force us to obey the laws that these accursed heretics made.

These heretical laws are in conflict with papal laws, and therefore do not bind such as "we."

In the Van Leuven Browne Magazine, there is an account of the wonderful triumph of Quentin D. Corley over the physical drawback of *losing both hands.*

In spite of this hard-fate, which would have appalled most young men, he studied law, and is now County Judge of Dallas County, Texas.

I wish to God, that Judge Corley would rake those Romanist law-breakers of St. Paul's sanitarium over the coals.

Imprisonment for debt, here in the 20th century is an infernal shame, and whoever is a party to it, should be punished.

The Northern Christian *Advocate* is not so prejudiced, hidebound, and intolerant as some of the Southern *Indexes, Advocates*, etc., as the following clip shows:

THE RESULTS OF MISSIONARY WORK.

After the recent conference in New York there can be no excuse for any one remaining in ignorance of what missionaries think of the value of their operations in foreign countries. The opinion of the traveler, the opinion of the English or American residents on the scene of missionary labors, and especially the opinion of diplomatists, consuls, and statesmen, naturally did not come up for discussion. Yet the opinions of these men cannot be put on one side if one is to reach an impartial estimate of missionary endeavors, particularly as they stand out in curious contradiction to the views of missionaries themselves.

How is it that in private conversation with ninety-nine out of a hundred men who have watched the missionary at work in India, China, or Japan one hears little

but the severest criticism of them and their work. That such is the fact will hardly be disputed by any one who has mixed much with members of the little American and European communities that are dotted over "heathen" countries.

I am not speaking of tourists' impressions, but of the deliberate judgments of men of all ranks and callings who have lived for years on the spot. We take, for instance, the opinion of a man like Stanford Ransome, a man accustomed to going deeply into public questions, and, as his book Japan in Transition shows, an observer of unimpeachable honesty. Mr. Ransome complains that "the present (1899) state of Christianity in Japan is at once a painful and unsatisfactory subject to write about." He indorses the observations of a leading Japanese journal that Christianity, at first welcomed, and afterwards bitterly opposed, is now "treated with indifference." He declares that one may safely say there is not one bona fide apanese Christian in every 100,000 of the population; and surmises that the missionary returns of "converts" include "every Japanese who raises no objection to being called a Christian to please the missionaries." And like others before him, he draws attention to the multiplicity of sects, which bewilders the natives and makes them scsornful of the whole movement, to the personal unfitness of a great number of the missionaries, the task of "converting the heathen" having been "intrusted largely to men who are utterly unqualified, either by education, training, or mode of life, for dealing with the subject"—to the easy, well-paid life led by the majority of missionaries—the Roman Catholics always excepted—and to the fact, which no one who knows the Far East will gainsay, that usually "in renouncing their own faith, these so-called Christians have merely been reduced to having no bona fide faith at all, and have become low and degraded in the process of conversion to a 'Christianity' which is only Christian in name."—Harper's Weekly.

Reports just out show that American fanaticism on the subjects of schools for China, colleges for Japan, hospitals for India, and foreign mansions for an army of nurses, doctors, schoolteachers, stationary preachers, etc., is on the increase. More money than ever is being poured on those distant deserts.

At home, you may read of needs like the following:

THE MISSION AT LONE WOLF'S CAMP.

A letter just received from the Rev. W. F. Re Qua describes his journey to this remote Indian settlement. It is sixty-five miles from the nearest railroad point, and the same distance from the Government agency. The hopeful feature of the work is that it is undertaken at Lone Wolf's urgent request, and he is heartily in sympathy with it. On his arrival Mr. Re Que found the logs ready cut and drawn to build the school-house, as Lone Wolf had promised. While it is being built Mr. Re Qua and his helpers will live in tents, though the weather is getting very cold. The brave missionary, however, is full of faith and hope. He is cheered by the welcome he has received, and the evident desire of the people to hear the gospel and to get some education. "If the dear readers of The Christian Herald," says Mr. Re Qua, "could see the people out here, and the need for mission work, their hearts would be melted, and we should soon have all the funds we need."

What Mr. Re Qua needs just now is money to pay for the floors and windows which must be bought; a few barrels of clothing to make the poorest of the children decent, and some old school-books and lithograph pictures of simple objects to aid in teaching the school. These requests are by no means extravagant, and we shall be surprised if they are not speedily met. All clothing should be addressed to Rev. W. F. Re Qua, Vernon, Wilburger County, Texas. Gifts of money and letters should be addressed to him at Post-Office, Quartz City, Greer County, Ind. Ter.

As all literary folks know, Dean Swift was a bitter satirist who seemed to hate and despise the whole human race. In his "Gulliver's Travels," he exhausted the resources of his marvellous genius, in holding men and women up to scorn, ridicule, and detestation. To exhibit the extreme and ludicrous folly of which scientific enthusiasts are capable, he mentioned an experimentalist in Brobdignag, who was endeavoring to restore human excrement to its former condition as food.

I marked that passage, and meant to use it, at my trial, but my time was too limited. But you can see how Dean Swift's ridicule of science falls flat, if you will peruse the press-dispatches, which tells us that German scientists are now engaged in the very same experiments which Swift *imagined*, as being the extreme and farcical limit of human freakishness.

The scientific Germans claim that a

vast deal of food-values—especially fats—go to waste in excrementa; and they are now hard at work, in the truly patriotic expectation of restoring sewage to its former food-form.

At present, the experiment is problematical; but, after the war is over, we had better be especially particular how we eat canned stuff "made in Germany."

It's bad enough to have to devour dog-sausage, and we must draw the line at anything worse. There are some things made in Germany that ought to stay right where they are made.

Harry Weinberger, of the New York bar, has an excellent article, in *The Fra* magazine for January, 1917, on "Free Press and Free Speech."

He says in part:

The radicalism of today is the conservatism of tomorrow. The ridiculed, satirized, radical platform of the Populist Party of a few years ago is today the conservative belief of both great parties, and much of it is law: the direct election of United States Senators, rural credits, child-labor legislation, control of public-service corporations, etc., and the ownership of all public utilities is on the way. Men with the dust of dead laws and dead theories in their eyes and mouths and brains should not be permitted to attempt to shackle the brave spirit of those fighting for a new and better life, for a living humanity.

All individuals should get into the battle for justice, economic freedom, equal opportunity for all, special privileges for none, take sides, act, do; even if you are wrong, when the dust of battle raises, the sky will be clearer, the air more invigorating, the brain quicker to take facts and draw proper conclusions. Must governments be changed? Take a hand. You revere the revolutionist of old, and you are inheritor of their work. Why not leave an additional inheritance to your children? Fear not the charge of radicalism, if your mind and conscience leads you in that direction. Not alone in the quiet of the student's den are questions of men and government solved, but also in the highways of life. Go, like Socrates, questioning, testing, valuing all things. Go, like Pericles and Solon, to the market-place and the law-making bodies.

Milton well said, "Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties." Wendell Phillips said, "If there is anything that can not bear free thought, let it crack." The freedom of the press must not be throttled, the freedom of speech must not be suppressed. Abuse of free speech dies in a day, but its denial shackles the race.

My friend, the Hon. George G. Matthews, of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, attended the inauguration, at Tallahassee, and this is what he says of it:

No event in the State's history will equal the inauguration of Governor Catts. People from every corner of the State came to witness the inauguration of one of the greatest men in this nation. We know of but one who has shown his sublime courage in the advocacy of great questions. By his matchless eloquence and splendid personality he vanquished the corrupt political gladiators, who in the past have launched the political ships and collected the tolls resulting from past political campaigns. It was a great spectacle to see thousands of spectators from all parts of the State, to do honor to our great Governor. Both he and Senator Trammel made able speeches and both of them stand deservedly high with the people. We had the honor to dine with the new Chief Justice Browne. It was a real pleasure to meet his charming wife and beautiful daughter. They are people of the old school and entertain with the charming dignity so well remembered in the Old South. The following day Governor Catts honored us with an invitation to dine which was greatly enjoyed. No Governor in the Union has a more refined family. The daughters are beautiful and with that pleasing manner which glorified the South in the antebellum days. But when we see the mother with her dignity and easy elegant manners we would naturally expect just such daughters. Mrs. Catts would be perfectly at home in the White House in Washington. The sons are worthy of such a father who will prove in the future that they are well worthy of the distinguished father. Tallahassee, the refined center of the State, will find in the Governor's family fit companions, and worthy leaders in social events of the capital.

Florida's new governor was elected on a stalwart anti-Romanist platform, in spite of all intrigues and efforts to cheat him, or beat him.

He beat the cheats, much to the disgust of Everglade thieves, Liquor ringsters, political lawyers, Sturkie resolutions, and the St. Augustine foot-kisser, Bishop Mike Curley.

Some 25 or 30 years ago, the Roman-

ist bishop of Savannah went before the Board of Education, and *demanded a division of the Public School fund.* His demand was denied; but he set his grapevine agencies in motion, and either persuaded or intimidated a sufficient number of the Board to afterwards knuckle.

To save your life, you could not imagine a plainer violation of law, since the Constitution of Georgia contains this clause:

"*No money shall ever be taken from the public treasury*, DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, *in aid of any church, sect, or denomination of religionists, or of any sectarian institution.*"

In Savannah, two school-buildings, bearing Catholic names, were marked on the front wall with marble tablets, inscribed—

"CATHOLIC FREE SCHOOLS."

Every teacher in these schools was a Catholic, selected by the priests. Bishop Keiley says in a newspaper card, that every pupil of the schools was Catholic.

Therefore you have the facts, *as stated by the highest local Catholic authority*, as follows:

(1.) The school-property belongs to the Roman Catholic church;

(2.) The teachers are all Roman Catholics, selected by the Roman church;

(3.) The pupils are Catholics attending "*Catholic Free Schools;*"

(4.) The Catholic religion is taught in those schools, every day, by those Catholic teachers:

(5.) The public money of the State of Georgia is taken from the treasury, *directly*, to aid and support those *sectarian* institutions, and to propagate the religion of the Roman sect of religionists.

The State School Superintendent of Public Schools in Georgia, where this defiance of the highest law has been insolently and continuously practised, is MARTIN LUTHER *Brittain.*

Think of it! His parents were such ardent Protestants that they dedicated him by name, as it were, to anti-Romanism.

Nevertheless, this recreant namesake of organized and militant Protestantism, went on, from year to year, prostituting his office, and trampling upon the highest law of the State and the Republic, in order *that the Catholics might propagate their faith at the expense of the public treasury.*

For six years, I kept this abuse of power, this flagrant violation of law, before the people, *and before Brittain!*

What did he do? Nothing.

He treated the matter with supercilious levity, utterly refusing to put a stop to the papal raid on our State funds.

But last summer, I induced an old college-mate to enter the race against Brittain, *on that issue:* and, without money, organization, or any sort of help save that which our weekly paper could give him, Dr. Alex. E. Keese came very near defeating Brittain, who had the support of the Romanist Book Trust, the County Superintendents, the State Inspectors, the daily papers, and the Catholics.

In fact, it was the Catholic vote of Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, Savannah, and Augusta, that gave Brittain his small numerical majority.

This close call shook up the supercilious and asidious ape of the Book Trust, and he pretended to learn, for the first time, that the State was financing religious teaching for the Catholics of Savannah.

Brittain ostentatiously put the question up to Hon. Clifford Walker, the Attorney-General of the State, and of course was told that the use of the treasury by the Catholics was unlawful.

This was last November. What did Brattain do? Did he at once shut off State-aid from those sectarion institutions?

He did not. On the contrary, he gave them express permission to continue the use of public money, until the end of the school term in June of this year.

If this persistent violator of law were treated as he deserves, he would be impeached at the next session of the

legislature, and expelled from the office he has disgraced.

And his parents named him MARTIN LUTHER!

Would you care to know how Bishop Keiley defends himself, his foreign church, and the complaisant Brittain?

Keiley is a Jesuit, and this is the casuistry by which the chief culprit exonerates himself:

He says that, while the pope owned the property, the teachers, and the pupils, *and, while the State supported the schools*, the Catholic religion was taught half-an-hour *before* the secular teaching began.

For years, this truculently defiant old priest has thrown that sort of dust into the eyes of the Board of Education, and of the public generally.

The State's money, maintains the schools, and the pope's absurd superstition is regularly taught in the schools, but because the Roman Catechism is not taught at the same hour as the arithmetic and the grammar, the law is not broken!

A lamer case of whipping the devil around the stump, was never known.

From the Chicago Herald of Jan. 12th, you can learn that, after the late Col. William F. Cody had lost consciousness, his sister and the inevitable local priest played a mean trick on him.

He knew he was to die in a few hours, for his doctor had told him so. He stoically accepted the situation, directed that the Elks and the Mason's bury him, and then passed off the remaining minutes of consciousness, playing a simple game of cards. *Had he wanted a priest, he would have called for one.*

But he did not want one, nor any sort of religious performance; and nobody ventured to do violence to his wishes, *until after he was no longer able to protest.*

When he was at death's door, utterly gone in stupor, *his sister* had the indecency to bring a priest to the unconscious man, and the priest had the sacrilegious audacity to baptize the expiring Stoic.

It was a shameful, scandalous, outrageous precedure, in both the woman and the priest.

The Herald's story follows:

Denver, Jan. 11.—Practically the entire personnel of federal troops now on duty at Fort Logan, near here, will participate in the funeral Sunday of Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who died here yesterday, it was announced today.

Adjutant General Harry P. Gamble also accepted an invitation to have a detachment of the Colorado National Guard in the cortege.

The Colorado legislature passed a joint resolution expressing the appreciation and respect felt for Colonel Cody by the people of Colorado and opening the capital building Sunday for his body to lie in state from 9 o'clock to noon.

The Elks will have charge of the funeral services from the time the body leaves the capitol until the services are concluded, but from that time until it is laid in its rock-hewn tomb at the summit of Lookout Mountain next Decoration day, the body will be in the custody of the Masonic order.

In the cortege Sunday will be led the white horse which was the colonel's favorite for many years. On the siddle will be hung the colonel's revolvers and holsters.

Honorary pallbearers named tonight, with all of whom Colonel Cody saw service, are Generals George R. Randall, Frank D. Baldwin, John Pope and Colonel D. Monahan.

The Episcopal funeral service, the Grand Army service and the Elks service will be read at the funeral. Only the Elks will escort the body to the receiving vault.

Colonel Cody was baptized into the Roman Catholic church the night before he died, Mrs. L. E. Decker, his sister, announced today. She said, although Colonel Cody belonged to no denomination formally, he was a devout Christian. The Roman Catholic church was chosen at the request of his wife, who is a member of that faith.

Colonel Cody was unconscious when the baptism took place, and no attempt was made to rouse him, because, Mrs. Decker said, "we were sure it was what he would have wanted had he been awake, but we feared he would not become conscious enough to realize what was being done before he passed away."

If "we were sure it was what he would have wanted had he been awake,"

why didn't "we" propose it, when he *was* awake?

Out, with such canting hypocrisy!

It was just about such a trick as the priests played upon old Gen. Dan Sickles, when *he* was utterly past resistance to his Spanish wife.

Such "conversions" excite, in people of intelligence, a profound disgust and loathing.

How can a sensible human being imagine that baptism, performed on a person who is sound asleep, or under the influence of choloroform, or temporarily out of his mind, can have any effect?

Can a man be "saved," when he knows nothing of the process? Does the priest possess the Supreme power, regardless of the acquiescence and co-operation of the layman?

If so, the priest need not have gone to the death-room at all. So far as Col. Cody was concerned, the priest might just as well have been a mile off.

"*The American idea must give way*, and, with it, whatever contradicts or does not accord with *the Catholic idea.*"

Just so. In 1871, Thos. Nast, the famous cartoonist, quoted that sentence on the title-page of his little book in defence of our public schools.

I suspect that the publication of the book was the real reason why Nast lost his place among the popular artists of the day.

He continued to draw cartoons, and his salary, but the cartoons were never published.

After the campaign of 1884, his work was quietly consigned to the waste-basket. Frequent allusions to this mysterious affair have been made in the papers, and no one offered a satisfactory explanation.

The other day when I saw in the Old-book catalogue the name and price of the out-of-print volume, light began to appear, and now that I have the book itself, all doubt is gone.

Nast was boycotted by the Roman hierarchy, and in New York it was strong enough to crush him.

His contract compelled his employers to pay him, and they did so; but they were not obliged to print his cartoons, and they didn't.

Farley's gang probably reimbursed the publishers who continued to pay Nast's salary.

When once you have had a five-year fight with *the church which teaches assassination*, you are enabled to unravel quite a number of tangles that you didn't understand, before.

The motto which Nast quoted from the Brooklyn *Tablet*, of 1871, repeats itself in page after page of "The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII.," published under papal authority by the Benziger Brothers, (New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati,) in the year 1903.

Semper eadem: always the same!

Rome's ideas, laws, institutions, and principles must override ours.

"The American idea must give way" to the papal idea.

The American idea dates back to the dawn of the historic era; and is the same now that it was when Tacitus and Julius Cæsar wrote: it has often been submerged—by Norman conquest, papal usurpations, and Tudor absolutism—but it has never been destroyed. The Deluge of Force and Wrong subsides from its high-water mark; and when the historian looks out again from some uncovered Ararat, lo! the eternal granite of Anglo-Saxon ideals are *there*, as strong as ever!

As to the pitiable old papacy, it has been tinkering and patching its Mumbo Jumbo for 1,500 years, and didn't leave off until 1870, when it went through the monkey-motion of dethroning the Almighty and crowning the Infallible Papa.

If Papa is infallible, God is no better; and, having Papa, we can dispense with God.

What's the need of two infallible objects of worship?

"The American idea must give way."

Must it? *We'll see about that.*

At present, the papal campaign assails the American idea which favors freedom of the press. The American subjects of the Italian potentate seem

to honestly believe that it should be made impossible to uncover the hideous deformities of Romanism. They demand that the mails be closed to anything offensive to Papa.

It is all right for Papa to write and publish Encyclical Letters, *desecrating the graves of Protestant mothers*, by describing them as *legalized prostitutes*, who lived in sin with Protestant husbands.

It is all right for them to mail papers, magazines, and books which infamously brand your wife and mine, your married daughter and mine, *as dishonest women, who live in "filthy concubinage,"* and to stigmatize our little grand-daughters as *bastards!*

It is all right for the Roman church to load the mail-sacks with the vile Moral Theology of Dr. Peter Dens and Saint Alfonsus Liguori, which tells servants they may supplement insufficient wages by stealing; which tells the Catholic citizen that he may swear to a lie, if it hurts a Protestant and helps the church of Rome; which inculcates in Catholics a murderous hatred of their Protestant felow-citizens; and which plants in the heart of Catholics the seeds of treason to our form of government.

It is all right for the Roman priests to mail *the damnaable books which educate them in the seduction of Catholic wives and daughters!*

But if you or I undertake to enlighten the sleeping Americans, and arouse them to the iniquities of these horrible books, and to uncover the Roman confessional cess-pool, in which so many pure Catholic women are sunk by their "holy" confessors, we will be prosecuted *by the men who commit the crimes and who pollute the women.*

Close the mails to the exposers of the criminals, but leave the mails open to the criminals.

Don't penalize cheats, swindlers, libertines and expert seducers: penalize the men who denounce the priestly libertines, cheats, swindlers, and expert seducers.

Don't prosecute White Slavers: go after the men who are trying to abolish the hideous traffic!

That's the attitude of the Roman church.

Up to this time, that's the attitude of the Government.

Periodicals which attack the Roman superstition and the Italian hierarchy must be suppressed. They are obscene, *because* they uncover the systematized vice, greed, imposture, frauds, and crimes of the Roman church.

Read the following, clipped from the Pittsburg Observer, a sweet papist organ o. k'd by Bishop Canevin:

BISHOP SCORES BURLESON.

Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, when in New York City for "Catholic Week," was interviewed by a reporter concerning the efforts of the Church to have **periodicals which attack the Church excluded from the mails.** He said:

"With regard to the suppression of the scurrilous sheets which are attacking the Catholic Church, I am sorry to say that **our efforts to secure protection** through the Postoffice Department have been wholly ineffective. Our protest to Postmaster General Burleson pointing out the exact articles of the law which were being violated were entirely futile. **Canada acted very promptly** and its laws forbidding the passage of obscene matter were enforced."

It is quite the thing to arrest a publisher for printing a massage advertisement, and to exert the tremendous power of the Government to convict him—as per recent cases—but it would never do to prosecute the Pittsburg Observer for running ads. for priests who need a woman, and for women who need a priest.

Read the following, taken from late issues of the paper o. k'd by Bishop Canevin:

WANTED.—A housekeeper for a Priest having a small house in West Virginia. Work easy. Salary $15 per month. Write to Rev. J. M., care Observer.

A woman, between 30 and 40 years old, as housekeeper for priest in country district; must not be afraid of the country life. Address M. J. Housekeeper, care Pittsburg Observer.

By priest, in country parish, within easy reach of the city, middle aged lady to act as housekeeper. Address H., care Observer.

A position as housekeeper for a priest. Can give best reference. Address C. D. E., care Pittsburg Observer.

WANTED—A girl of good moral character for Priest's Housekeeper in central Wisconsin, by April 1st. References, offers, etc., requested. German preferred. L. B. 40, Our Sunday Visitor.

Priest's housekeeper, single, unincumbered, experienced and references from other priests furnished. Address, C. S., Box 298, Montgomery, W. Va.

Housekeeper: Educated, refined and healthy Catholic lady between ages 25 and 40 to assume charge of my home. References from pastor required. Address J. A. H., Observer Office.

You will be sorry to learn that Atlanta has seen her best days, and is now going down-grade, at accelerating speed.

Bishop Canevin's organ says:

BENIGHTED GEORGIA.

The "American Israelite," the most prominent Jewish paper in America, sums up the situation in Georgia and the blight which has fallen upon that State as follows:

The real ruler of Georgia, into whose power its citizens are about to give their State is "Tom" Watson who stands for every conceivable demagogic vileness and to whom, more than to any other man, Georgia owes its degradation. That the State should be given into his hands is a **fit punishment for the crimes of its citizens.** The better class of Georgia's citizens had hoped that the opprobrium that was brought upon their State by the lynching of Frank would rouse the people and help to bring about better conditions. But they were sadly disappointed. Georgia today has a worse record than any other State in the Union for illiteracy, ignorance and general lawlessness, to say nothing of lynchings.

With very few exceptions, Georgia newspapers reflect the ignorance and bigotry which prevail, and its editors are too cowardly or too venal to raise their voices in protest.

As a natural result the State of Georgia and more especially the city of Atlanta are losing ground. **No new enterprises are being initiated and the established ones are languishing.** Atlanta, once the livest city in the South, **is today among the least prosperious.**

From the Advent Review and Sabbath Herald, I take these timely extracts:

WHAT EMINENT AUTHORITIES SAY.

George Washington: "Any man conducting himself as a good citizen and being acountable to God alone for his religious opinions, ought to be protected in worshiping the Deity according to the dictates of his own conscience."—Reply to the Baptist of Virginia, 1789.

Thomas Jefferson: "Almighty God hath created the mind free; . . . all attempts to influence it by temporal punishments or burdens, or by civil incapacitations, tend only to beget habits of hypocrisy and meanness, and are a departure from the plan of the holy Author of our religion, who being Lord both of body and mind, yet chose not to propagate it by coercions on either, as was in his almighty power to do."—Virginia Act of Establishing Religious Freedom, 1785.

Benjamin Franklin: "When religion is good, it will take care of itself; when it is not able to take care of itself, and God does not see fit to take care of it, so that it has to appeal to the civil power for support, it is evidence to my mind that its cause is a bad one."—Letter to Dr. Price.

James Madison: "The settled opinion here is that religion is essentially distinct from civil government, and exempt from its cognizance; that a connection between them is injurious to both."—Letter to Edward Everett, 1823.

U. S. Grant: "Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the Church and State forever separate."—Speech at Des Moines, Iowa, 1875.

Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

United States Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

United States Senate: "It is not the legitimate province of the legislature to determine what religion is true, or what false. Our government is a civil, and not a religious institution. Our Constitution recognizes in every person the right to choose his own religion, and to enjoy it freely without molestation."—Sunday Mails Report, 1829.

United States House of Representatives: "Despots may regard their subjects as their property, and usurp the divine prerogative of prescribing their religious faith; but the history of the world furnishes the melancholy demonstration that the disposition of one man to coerce the religious homage of another, springs from an unchastened ambition, rather than [from] a sincere devotion to any religion."—Sunday Mails Report, 1830.

John Stuart Mill: "If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."—Essay on Liberty.

John Wesley: "Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to od. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason nor persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force a man into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all."

Spurgeon: "I am ashamed of some Christians because they have so much dependence on Parliament and the law of the land.'

"Gladstone: "Wherever the British rule exists the same respect which we claim for the exercise of our own conscientious convictions is yielded to the professor of every other faith on the surface of the globe."—"Prime Minister of Queen Victoria," p. 363.

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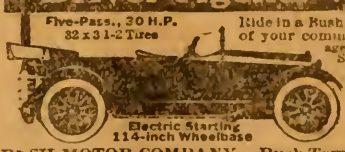

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